

Like Mother Like Son

"I'm James," said the older boy with dark hair and bright blue eyes. "James Potter. These are my friends Mike Bell and Liz Weasley, and that's Liz's..." he paused and rolled his eyes. "Annoying cousin, Thomas Longbottom. What did you say your last name was?"

Harry stared blankly at the four kids. "This isn't happening..."

"What isn't?" Liz asked as she pushed her bushy red hair out of her face.

"This is Hogwarts isn't it?" Harry said looking around.

"Yeah..." Mike said as he glanced over at James suspiciously.

"Whose headmaster?" Harry said as he felt his heart beating fast. "Dumbledore?"

"Albus Dumbledore?" Liz asked looking at him as if he was an idiot or something. "Obviously he can't be headmaster..."

"Why not?" Harry asked turning to face her.

"Well," she said a little taken aback. "It's a little difficult to run a school when you're dead."

"Dead?" Harry sputtered out as he turned a bright shade of white. "Dead..."

"He's been dead for ages..." James said looking at Harry very strangely. "Ever since the war..."

"War?" Harry asked. Now he knew exactly how Lily must have felt the entire time she was in his time. He had no clue where he was or what was going on.

"Don't tell me you don't know about the war either?" said Thomas. "You act as if you're from another time of something."

“Thomas,” Liz said throwing Thomas a look. “You’re not suppose to talk about that sort of thing.”

“Why not,” Thomas said as he put his hands on his hips. “Your dad’s told me the stories...”

“If my mum knew he had,” Liz said rolling her eyes. “She would have a few choice words with him...”

“Oh god,” Harry said not listening. “Whose headmaster then?”

“Professor McGonagall,” Mike said. “She’s been headmistress ever since Dumbledore’s death fifteen years ago.”

“McGonagall,” Harry said as his eyes lit up. “Fabulous, she’ll remember me. Can I see her?”

“I don’t know” Thomas said smirking. “Can you?”

“Don’t be a smart ass,” James said as he punched him in the shoulder.

“Ouch...” Thomas said glaring at James.

“I’m sure you can see her,” Mike said checking his watch. “Lunch starts in a few minutes, and she’s generally in the Great Hall around then.”

“Great,” Harry said as he sped off in the direction of the Great Hall.

“What a strange fellow,” Liz said as she watched him leave. “Who do you think he was?”

“Maybe a spy for Durmstrang or Beauxbatons?” James said shrugging.

“I hardly think that’s it, James.” Liz said as the four of them walked off.

Harry walked into the Great Hall to see several students filing in to eat. He glanced up to the Head Table to see several teachers he'd never seen before. The head chair was vacant though. He slowly made his way up to the head table and positioned himself where he would be able to see McGonagall as soon as she entered the Great Hall.

"James Potter," said a female voice from behind him. "James, I'm talking to you."

Harry turned around to see where the voice was coming from, and was surprised when he saw the woman who had been speaking looking directly at him.

"What's gotten into you James?" said the woman as she walked over to him and smiled. "You act as if you didn't hear me calling your name."

"I..." Harry began to mumble. "I..."

"Where'd you get the glasses?" the woman asked as she looked him up and down. "You didn't pinch them from someone did you?"

"No," Harry said. "I mean I didn't..."

"Have you always had green eyes?" the woman said as she looked closely into his eyes. "I mean maybe I've just never noticed, but I could have sworn they were blue."

Harry didn't know what to say. This woman obviously thought he was the boy he had just met. This woman also looked extremely familiar. "She could be anyone," Harry thought to himself. He looked at her long brown hair that went down to her waist and her warm brown eyes. She reminded him of someone he used to know..."

"Lavender?" Harry asked.

"That's Professor Brown to you," she said smiling. "You know honestly James I don't know what has gotten into you." Her smiled

faded. "It's odd though. I mean I know you get this all the time, but with the glasses on you look so much more like your dad."

Harry blinked. "I guess..."

"You do," she said as she stood up straight and straightened out her robes. "Take it from someone who knew you dad back in school. It's a scary resemblance. Now go eat!"

"Right," Harry said as he watched her make her way up to the head table. "Lavender Brown is a teacher," he thought to himself. "She wasn't ever that clever back in school, so what subject could she possible be teaching...."

"Professor Brown," said a small blonde girl who went running past Harry. "Do you think you could help me out with my crystal ball gazing later? I'm having a bit of trouble."

"Of course," Lavender said as Harry watched her talk to the young girl.

"Go figure," Harry said smiling. "That must mean that James is taking Divination. You would think that as his father I would have advised him against that." Harry stopped as that sudden thought stayed in his mind. "Father..." he thought. "I'm his father. He's my son..."

"Is there something I can do for you Mr. Potter?" said another female voice. Harry turned around to look directly at the aged Professor McGonagall. She had always been elderly looking, but Harry noticed that the years of being headmistress must of gotten to her.

"Professor it's me," Harry said with his eyes wide.

"I know it's you," McGonagall said as she walked past him and headed up to her seat. "Is there something you need?"

"I don't think you understand," Harry said sighing. "I'm not James."

"Mr. Potter," McGonagall said taking a deep breath. "You understand that the seventh years are in the middle of taking the N.E.W.T's

exams this week? I really don't have time to be bothered with your silly pranks. This week is especially hectic for me and..."

"Professor," Harry said interrupting her. "I'm not James. I'm Harry."

"It takes a lot of organization in order to make sure that all the preparations are made and..." She stopped and looked at Harry. "What?"

"It's me," Harry said. "Harry."

McGonagall looked Harry up and down. "You aren't James are you?"

"No," Harry said shaking his head.

"You've come from the past somehow?" McGonagall asked. Harry noticed that she must be getting used to this idea, due to the fact that she seemed far less shocked than she had when she had discovered Lily earlier.

"Well," Harry said nodding. "Yes."

"Oh my," McGonagall said standing up. "Well, we've best go and discuss this in my office."

"All right," Harry said as he followed McGonagall up and out of the Great Hall. They walked the familiar route to Dumbledore's old office and stopped right before the large stone gargoyle.

"Tabby cat," McGonagall said the door opened and the two of them made their way up in the large circular room. Harry couldn't help but notice how different it looked than it had before.

"Well," McGonagall said. "I don't know where to start. I mean it seems like only yesterday when Professor Dumbledore and myself were explaining the procedure to you and your friends concerning your mother."

"It wasn't yesterday," Harry said sitting down. "But it wasn't very long ago..."

McGonagall smiled at Harry. Her tired eyes filled with an emotion that Harry couldn't establish. "So you know that there is so much that you really aren't allowed to know?"

"Yes," Harry said. "I know that there is a lot that you're not allowed to tell me, but I'll still find out eventually."

McGonagall smiled. "You're absolutely right," she said. "You've already been on the other side of this conversation so I know that I really can't play around the issue."

"I appreciate that," Harry said grinning.

"How?" McGonagall asked confused. "How did this happen?"

"I don't know," Harry said. "I mean the last thing I know was that we had just sent my mum back to her time and then Snape handed me a glass of pumpkin juice and then...well I was here. It may have been Professor Snape..."

"Well," McGonagall said. "I really wouldn't put it past him."

"For my sake I hope he did," Harry said. "Then all I have to do is go see him and have him give me the antidote that he gave my mum. Then I'll be home and I really won't have to go about learning anything that may effect the future."

McGonagall just starred at Harry. "Oh Harry, if only it was that simple..."

"What do you mean," Harry said looking at her. "I mean it took so long with my mum because he had to figure it out. Now all I have to do is ask him..."

"Professor Snape is no longer with us," McGonagall said bluntly. She turned away so that she wouldn't have to look at Harry.

"What?" Harry said a little in shock. "You mean he's not with Hogwarts anymore right? You don't mean to say that he's...dead?"

“Several years ago,” McGonagall said quietly. “He died towards the end of the war. We lost so many people during it...”

“Oh god,” Harry said as he put his head in his hands. “Of all the times that I just wished he would just go and be offed...I mean he wrote the antidote down or something, right?”

“Harry,” McGonagall began. “Professor Snape’s entire lab notes were destroyed. I can’t speak of it right now, but I’m sure you’ll hear about it. Although I’m suppose to tell you not to listen, I know your spirit too well. You aren’t as well behaved as your mother and I know you’ll figure things out. We’ll figure something out though. So much has advanced since your day. If only you knew...”

Harry just started blankly. “I thought that this would be so easy. So simple. Now I’m actually starting to worry.”

“We will figure something out soon,” McGonagall said as she took a sip of water. Harry couldn’t help but notice that Professor McGonagall was much more passive in her old age. She seemed sweet and kind, and not intimidating and strict like she had during his time at Hogwarts. She almost seemed like Dumbledore.

“What year is it?” Harry asked.

“2020,” McGonagall said. “May of 2020.”

“So that would make me...” Harry began to think as he quickly did the math in his head. “Forty?”

“I believe so,” McGonagall said smiled. “That’s quite a bit younger than myself.”

“So therefore,” Harry began. “I’m forty years old, Dumbledore and Snape are dead, and I have a son named James who looks like me?”

“So you’ve met James?” McGonagall said smiling. “Yes, he does look quite like you, doesn’t he? Although I believe he has blue eyes and does not need glasses. He’s a very bright boy. Troublemaker at times,

but very still very clever. Especially in Transfigurations. He's also in the top running for Head Boy." She paused and laughed. "Almost the exact clone of his name sake really."

"You mean my dad?" Harry asked.

"Yes," McGonagall said smiling.

"Well," Harry said shrugging. "I guess that's a good thing. So wait, his friend...the Weasley girl?"

"Yes," McGonagall said. "That would be Ronald Weasley and Hermione Granger's daughter, Elizabeth."

"They got married?" Harry said smiling slightly. "Wow..."

"I would love to tell you the stories of your friends," McGonagall said. "But I must be off to go back and proctor the seventh years on their next N.E.W.T. However, I will have someone look after you for the time being."

"Who?" Harry asked.

"Well," McGonagall said as she gestured towards the door. "As I did for your mother, I would only feel comfortable letting you into the care of your son and his friends."

"Are they going to know who I am?" Harry asked.

"That would only be fair to them," McGonagall said. "We'll go and speak to them right now." The two of them both exited the office and made their way to the library.

"How'd you know they were in here?" Harry asked.

"You learn a lot of things as headmistress," McGonagall said as she walked in and noticed three heads pouring over a book.

"You can't use that," Liz said in a very Hermione like tone. "That doesn't make any sense Mike."

"It does if you copy it down like that," Mike said as Harry and McGonagall approached. "Binns won't know the difference either way...Stupid old..."

"Afternoon," McGonagall said smiling.

"Professor," Mike said straightening up. "I didn't mean it when I said that we were going to copy it like that, I mean I was just saying..."

"Mr. Bell," McGonagall said holding her hand up to silence him. "It's all right. That issue will be dealt with later. I've actually come to have a word with the three of you."

"Alright," James said grinning as he slammed the book shut. He seemed to be relieved of not having to do his work. "What can we do for you Professor?"

"Harry?" McGonagall said looking at him. "If you could please give me a minute?"

"Yeah," Harry said nodding as he walked several feet away and took a place at a nearby table. He watched apprehensively as McGonagall talked to the three of them. He was waiting for their reaction. Suddenly all three heads snapped in the direction of Harry. The color from James' face seemed to have drained completely. Harry smiled meekly at them. The conversation lasted about five more minutes before McGonagall gestured for Harry to come back over. He slowly made his way back to the group as he felt all the eyes on him.

"So if you three could?" McGonagall asked.

"Of course," Liz said smiling widely. "This is absolutely amazing!"

"Completely," Mike said.

James stayed silent. He just stared at Harry. If it was any other situation Harry would have felt awkward, but he knew exactly how James' was feeling right now.

"I must be off," McGonagall said. "But I will be back to talk to you later, Harry. You'll be all right?"

"I hope so," Harry said shrugging.

"Please take care of him?" McGonagall said. With that she walked off and out of the library.

"Well," Harry said shifting awkwardly. "Hey..."

"Hi," Liz said. "Have a seat!" Harry pulled out the empty seat next to Liz and sat down. He glanced from Mike to James who were both staring at him.

"So..." Mike said awkwardly. "McGonagall said that we're really not suppose to divulge much information to you. I don't see why though. Couldn't they just memory charm you before they try and send you back?"

"Yes," Harry said seriously. "They did that to my mum when she was sent into the future."

"That's what my dad said!" Liz said excitedly. "Erm...I'm really not suppose to talk about it though. My mum has a thing about talking about time travel. She never denied the stories though."

"Your mum's Hermione?" Harry said grinning.

"Yes," Liz said grinning. "And my dad's Ronald. They would be so excited to see you!"

"Anyone would be excited to see Harry Potter at this point," Mike mumbled quietly.

"Mike..." Liz said glancing from him to James to had his head down and his eyes closed.

"I've got to go," James said jumping up and quickly hurrying from the library.

“Look what you’ve done,” Liz said glaring at Mike. “You know you could have a little more tact.”

“I’ll go talk to him,” Mike said as he jumped up and followed his friend out of the library.

“Why did he get so upset?” Harry asked looking at Liz.

“Well,” Liz said nervously. “I really don’t think I’m the one to really say.”

“What?” Harry asked. “Why...?”

“It’s just...” Liz said nervously looking around the library. “I mean there is just so much that’s happened over the past few years. If only you knew. I know I’m not the one to tell you. I’m sorry.”

Harry looked at Liz pleadingly. He took a deep breath. “It’s ok. I understand.”

Liz smiled. “I’m really sorry.”

“It’s ok,” Harry said shrugging. “So what can we talk about?”

“I don’t know,” Liz said. “Do you think you could tell me about my parents when they were younger? They always used to talk about you being their best friend and the things you all used to do when you were younger.”

Harry smiled. “Yeah I guess we can talk about that. Wait...what do you mean they used to talk about it? They stopped?”

The smile on Liz’s face faded. “Maybe we shouldn’t talk about that either,” she said standing up. “Here, come on I’ll show you to the common room.” With that she stood up.

Harry watched her stand up and followed suit. He walked next to her in silence as they walked to the Gryffindor common room. Harry couldn’t help but wonder what was going on, and what exactly had happened over the past few years. Obviously no one here was going

to tell him anytime soon. He needed answers and he needed them quickly. His curiosity was getting the best of him and there was only one person he could think of that would tell him everything without worrying about the repercussions.

A/N: Well lets see how the reviews go, and we'll see if I continue. I do have a plot and character development coming. I swear! I'm just testing the waters here....heh heh

A/N: It's good to be back. I have a ton of time on my hands for the time being, so here comes the sequel. I'm glad that people are responding to it and enjoying it. It's just one big enigma of what has happened to our favorite character. To think, I've only introduced a few of the characters too! Oh well, you'll learn some interesting revelations in the chapter, but it's only the beginning for Harry. So enjoy.

"Malfoy!?" Harry said jumping up. "Who the hell would allow him to become Minister of Magic. I mean after that night at the Ball you would have thought he would have been expelled!"

"He was," Ron said. "But like I said a lot has happened since..." He stopped when there was a suddenly pop coming from the kitchen.

"Mum's home!" Conner said running off towards the kitchen.

"Hey!" Aiden said as he ran off after him. "No running in the house!"

"Herm," Ron said loudly.

"Hi sweetheart," she said from the kitchen. "Sorry I'm late. We were swamped. I'm glad I got out when I did. Hi there boys, stay out of trouble today?"

"Herm, dear," Ron said smiling at Harry. "You think you could come out here?"

"Does she know I'm here?" Harry asked quietly.

Ron smiled his nervous smile. "She will."

"What's this the boys tell me about James?" Hermione said as she stepped into the sitting room. She was definitely older, but she really didn't look it. Her long brown hair was no longer thick and bushy, and it was pulled back into messy bun. Her eyes looked tired, as if they've seen a lifetime of events, which Harry didn't doubt, but they were really the only thing about her that looked old. She was dressed in a gray-suit with a skirt that when straight to the floor, and had her arms filled with papers and folders.

"Told you mum," Conner said as he chewed on a cookie.

Hermione did a double take when she noticed him. "James, sweetie," she began. "What are you doing back from..." but as she stepped closer she immediately knew that she wasn't speaking to James.

"We have company," Ron said cheerfully.

"Boys," Hermione said slowly. "Go to your room."

"We were just there!" Aiden said annoyed. "Why can't we stay and talk to James?"

"Because this isn't James," Hermione said glancing at her sons.

"Then who is it?" Conner asked with his hands on his hips.

"It's Harry," Hermione said softly as she looked at the young Harry standing in front of her.

"Whose Harry?" Aiden asked.

"You mean like James' dad?" Conner asked.

"And your godfather," Ron said. "Yes, just like that."

Aiden stood with a confused look on his face. "I don't remember meeting James' dad..."

"That's because he went missing six years ago," Conner said as Hermione and Ron's both took a step near him.

"Conner, dear," Hermione said laughing nervously. "How about I go and see if Katie will have you over?"

"Really?" Conner and Aiden both said as their faces lit up. "That'd be fun!"

"I'll be right back," Hermione said looking at Ron.

“Right,” Ron said looking at his sons. “Ok you two sit there and behave.” He glanced at Harry, who was more confused than ever.

“Dad,” Conner said speaking up. “Do you think you could get my bike out?”

“You don’t need your bike,” Ron said heavily.

“Yeah I do,” Conner said. “Last time I saw Katie I told her that I would show her this neat muggle trick that I learned and if I don’t get to show her...”

“Fine,” Ron said standing up. “Don’t move. I’ll be right back.” With that he walked out the front door.

Harry stood there staring at the young boys. Aiden looked up and smiled at him, “Hi.”

“Hi,” Harry said.

“I’m Aiden Albus Weasley,” Aiden said smiling.

“Harry,” Harry said smiling.

“I’m Conner Arthur Weasley,” Conner said speaking up. “I’m six and half minutes older than Aiden.”

“Well then,” Harry said smiling at them. “That’s quite a feat.”

“I know,” Conner said as a look of achievement appeared on his face.

“So tell me,” Harry said sitting down near them. “What this about James’ dad?”

“Oh,” Conner said as he continued to play with his toy. “I only know what Liz has told me. I don’t remember him. I haven’t seen him since I was a little boy.”

Oh,” Harry said. “So what has Liz told you about him?”

"Well," Conner said. "It's just James is always so sad on his birthday. I don't know why. When it's Aiden's and my birthday we're always very happy. James isn't though. It wasn't always like that, only the last few years. I remember on his thirteenth birthday he got this amazing racing broomstick, but he was still sad. I told him I'd take the broomstick if he didn't want it. I know it would have made me happy, but dad wouldn't let me. Turns out he loved the broomstick, he just wasn't happy on the day he got it."

"Why isn't he happy on his birthday?" Harry asked seriously.

"That's what I wanted to know," Conner said sighing. "So I asked him, but he didn't answer me. He just got up and left. Liz heard me ask him and told me never to ask him that question again."

"Why not?" Harry asked.

"Made him sadder I suppose," Conner said shrugging.

"Well," Harry said trying his hardest to bide his time knowing that Ron or Hermione would come back in the room at any moment. "Did Liz happen to tell you why he got upset?"

"Yes," Conner said looking up at Harry.

"And what did she say?" Harry asked.

"Oh," Conner said. "Said that James' birthday also happens to be the day his dad went missing. His tenth birthday to be exact. That's not a very good present if you ask me..."

"Missing?" Harry asked.

"She really didn't say much more," Conner continued. "Because she went chasing after James. The only thing she really said was that on his tenth birthday his dad left and didn't come home. Not James or anybody has seen or heard of him since." At the moment Ron came back into the room.

"Your bikes are out front," Ron said. "What'd your mum say?"

"Katie said it'd be no problem," Hermione said coming into the room. "You two can go down there, but straight there. You hear me?"

"Yes mum," they both said in mixed unison as they hopped up and out the front door.

"Harry," Hermione said walking over and giving him a tight hug. "I can't believe it's you."

Harry didn't say anything. He just smiled.

"Can I get you anything," Hermione asked. "A cup of tea?"

"No," Harry said meekly. "I'm all right."

"Ok," Hermione said looking at Ron. "How come you didn't tell me?"

"I just found out about an hour ago," Ron said with his hands in his pockets.

"Well that means you had fifty-nine minutes to tell me," Hermione said glaring at him.

"Sorry," Ron said. "McGonagall wants us to tell him everything."

"What?" Hermione said shocked as she stared at her husband. "You're joking."

"You know this is an opportunity we can't pass up, Hermione," Ron said seriously. "I mean you know that the idea of bringing Harry back from the past was always an option in solving this problem. The fact that he's come on his own is a sign."

"Oh since when do you start believing in all that," Hermione said as she took her hair down.

"I don't," Ron said. "But we're running out of options here."

"I know," Hermione said sighing as she looked at Harry. "Have you met James?"

"Yes," Harry said. "And your daughter."

Hermione smiled. "I see. Well then, where should we begin? Chronologically or most important events first?"

"Chronologically would help to explain events better," Ron said as he sat down.

"I just want to get to me missing," Harry said as he glanced at his two adult counterparts. "And how Draco Malfoy has become Minister of Magic."

"Right," Hermione said as she clasped her hands tightly. "Well, it really all started in the year 2000. We were all twenty. You two were living together and we were all working for the Ministry. Voldemort had finally reached full power..."

"I swear," Harry said as he rubbed his face. "I'm really too young to be doing this."

"You've been chasing death eaters since way before this," Ron said as he plopped his feet up on the coffee table. He grabbed his bowl of cereal and started eating.

"No, I didn't mean that," Harry said. "I meant getting up at this hour. What time is it?"

"5:52," Ron said nonchalantly.

"Oh help me," Harry said as he lowered his head sleepily.

"At least you didn't have to work all night," Ron said sighing deeply as he finished his cereal. "That was an ideal dinner."

“Oh,” Harry said as he grabbed his jacket. “Hermione got in around ten last night. Her and I had a great conversation about how she thinks you and I aren’t eating properly and living an unhealthy life.”

“That’s my girl,” Ron said smiling at the mere mention of his girlfriend’s name. “Not eating properly? I think a diet of toast, cereal, and sweets is perfectly healthy.”

“That’s what I tried to tell her,” Harry said. “Wouldn’t listen though. She’s cooking us dinner tonight.”

Ron laughed. “Sounds good to me. You know what sound better though. Sleep.”

“Go to sleep then,” Harry said as he grabbed a handful of documents. “Hermione’s in your room. Although if this was the first time I had seen my girlfriend in and month in a half, I would....”

“Take into fact that I have just worked eighteen hours straight,” Ron said. “There’s plenty of time to...” he paused and smiled. “Catch up later.”

“You always were a lazy bugger,” Harry said grinning. “See you around five?”

“See you,” Ron said as he went into the kitchen to put his dishes away.

Harry reached for the doorknob when he suddenly heard a tapping at the window. It was a small Ministry owl. “Hey Ron,” Harry said as he walked over to the window.

“What’s up?” Ron said emerging from the kitchen.

“It’s a Ministry owl,” Harry said as he opened the window and let the small bird in. He reached for the piece of parchment attached to its leg.

“Whose it for?” Ron asked as he took a step closer. “You, me, or Hermione?”

"All Ministry employees," Harry said as he read the top line. "Attention all Ministry employees..."

"Interesting," Ron said reading over Harry's shoulder. "What's it say?"

"Attention all Ministry employees," Harry began to read. "It is urgent that everyone get in touch with their respective departments immediately. Due to escalating circumstances, a full scale war has been declared against He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named and anyone in support of his causes. All employees are to be prepared for information that will be released to them concerning their duties. After the tragic events that have occurred as of this morning, 7 October, 2000, war has officially been declared amongst the wizard community, and all employees are expected to do their part. Please be warned. Sincerely, Sebastian Figgle. Minister of Magic."

"What?" Ron said sitting down. "What tragic events?"

"I don't know," Harry said slowly as he took in the events of what he had just heard. His thought process was interrupted when he suddenly heard a knock at the door. "Who is it?" he yelled.

"Harry it's me," said a cracking male voice. "Sirius." Harry opened the door quickly to see his godfather standing there, shaking.

"God Sirius," Ron said as Harry ushered him in. "What's wrong? Are you alright?"

"What's all the commotion about out here," said a sleepy voice. Hermione appeared rubbing her eyes in order to help them adjust to the light. "Harry shouldn't you be at work?"

"We got a letter," Harry said handing Hermione the letter. She took it and read it quickly as Harry and Ron rushed around to get a blanket for Sirius.

"What's this about?" Hermione said looking at Ron. "Sirius!" she said noticing she was sitting there.

"We don't know," Ron said coming over to her. "We just got it."

"Sirius," Harry said. "What's the matter? Do you know anything about this?"

"Dumbledore..." Sirius said shaking. "He's dead."

"What?" Hermione said in a very shocked tone. Ron and Harry just stared.

"Voldemort..." Sirius said. "He came. Dumbledore tried to talk to him. To calm him down. He would listen. The green light...the light was so bright. He fell to the floor. We all tried to help him, but it was too late. The laugh...oh god the laugh..."

"He can't be dead," Harry said, his voice shaking. "He can't..."

"He's dead," Sirius just kept repeating. "Dead..."

"Oh god," Hermione said as she grabbed Ron. He put his arm around her consolingly, but the look on his face indicated that he in fact needed to be consoled.

"With his death," Sirius continued. "The Ministry declared war. That was the final straw. It was exactly what Voldemort wanted if you asked me."

"A war..." Harry said as he sat down on the couch in shock. Hermione just continued to cry into Ron's shoulder. "A full scale war?"

"Yes," Sirius said regaining his composure slightly. "I swear I'm going to fight. I'm not putting up with this any longer."

"You know this isn't good," Harry said looking at Ron.

"I know," Ron said softly. "A lot of our friends are going to die."

"So many people are going to die..." Harry said. "So many people."

"Those words still echo in my head," Ron said solemnly. "The way you said those words."

"I can't believe that," Harry said.

"That's what started it," Hermione said sighing. "It went on for thirteen years."

"Thirteen years?" Harry asked shocked.

"Yes," Ron said. "It wasn't too bad in the beginning. I was the first to be sent away though."

"That was rough," Hermione said. "That's why we got married at twenty-two." She paused as if sounding nostalgic. "We were married and less that a week later Ron was sent away. We didn't see each other for almost two years."

"Two years?" Harry asked looking at Ron.

"Two years of absolute hell," Ron said closing his eyes. "I can't even begin to describe what I saw out there."

"He wrote all the time though," Hermione said. "I can't even begin to tell you how difficult it was. Knowing he was out there. The only thing that kept me sane was you, Harry."

"Me?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Hermione said. "The Ministry requested that you stay. You and I were working full out at the Ministry for a good year and half before..." Her eyes became teary.

"Before what?" Harry asked.

"Before you were sent away as well," Hermione said as her voice cracked a little as she remembered the events. "I was so afraid of losing you both. It was the loneliest time of my entire life. You of course wanted to go, as much as you told me you were glad to be

here with me. You hated being protected by the Ministry just because you were Harry Potter.”

Ron put his hand on her shoulder and rubbed it. “Within six months of you leaving, I returned.” Ron began. “I had been injured, and the Ministry decided it best to have me working back at home like Hermione had been doing.”

“He had the most horrible nightmares,” Hermione said. “For at least two or three months he would wake up in the middle of every night screaming. It was horrible.” She paused and looked at Harry. “You would write all the time at first, but soon you stopped. We didn’t get anything from you for a year. We were so worried, but we knew all of your work was top secret, so there was no telling what was going on. Then out of no where we received a letter from you saying you had a son and because of him you were coming home. You had met a woman and fallen in love in the midst of war, but were crushed by the fact that she had died right after James was born.”

“And about three weeks after we had learned about James,” Ron said. “Hermione gave birth to Liz. We always found it to be extremely ironic that we both had children at the same time without knowing. James is only a month and a half older than Liz.”

“Wow...” Harry said staring at the ground.

“So you came home,” Hermione said. “You and James moved into an flat that was right down the street from ours. Oh, we were so excited to see you.”

“And James and Liz have been friends since then,” Ron said. “Practically inseparable.”

“I started to do all my work from home,” Hermione began.

“The Ministry couldn’t afford to loose her to maternity leave,” Ron inputted.

“So I looked after the children during the day,” Hermione said. “It was a horrible time for the wizard world. We lost so many people.”

"But it's over now?" Harry asked.

"Well," Ron said looking at Hermione. "We like to think that one chapter of it is. If you're asking if Voldemort is gone, then yes."

"He gone completely?" Harry asked as his face lit up.

"Yes," Hermione said sighing. "He was killed."

"That's fantastic," Harry said excitedly. "That's all we ever wanted!"

"It was," Ron said. "Except for the person that killed him. To say the least we feel he had ulterior motives..."

"Ulterior motives?" Harry asked. "Who killed him?"

"Why none other than our prestigious Minister of Magic," Hermione said faking enthusiasm. "Draco Malfoy."

A/N: You know what I've noticed? I seem to keep ending my chapters the same way...! Oh did you think I meant with cliffhangers? Muhahaha...no no no, I'm well aware of that. I meant with the word Malfoy. Well then, I'm going to have to go and strive to not do that this time. Speaking of our dear friend Mr. Malfoy, he will be making his appearance soon enough. Just a matter of time! Anyway, I do want to thank the people who are reviewing. I do read each and every one, and I do notice the familiar names. You all rock! With that, on with the show.....

Harry stared at Hermione in shock. "What?" he managed to mumble.

"I wish I was kidding," Hermione said sighing. "Malfoy killed Voldemort about seven years ago."

"I thought he was one of them!" Harry said throwing his arms around in outrage.

"Oh, don't think he wasn't," Ron said watching Harry. "There's no doubt he wasn't."

"So," Harry said in shock. "The Ministry just decided to take a death eater, or a former death eater, or whatever he was, and make him Minister of Magic?"

"Well like I said," Ron said. "We believe..." He paused and looked at Hermione who was giving him an unmistakable look. "I mean we know, that Malfoy has other things planned."

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

"Just another thing that has changed over the past few years," Hermione said. "He was expelled from Hogwarts for his antics at the ball. Never really ever fully forgave the school to be honest with you. It really is a good thing that the school is its own entity, otherwise I have no doubt that he would have shut the school down."

"Oh not super Malfoy," Ron said rolling his eyes. "Says he holds no grudges against anyone. He's so full of crap it isn't even funny. He

keeps that board of governors happy and that's all that matters. Treats everyone else like complete crap."

"Doesn't surprise me," Harry said aggravated. "So what happened?"

"Well," Hermione said. "Like I said, he was expelled and no one really knew what happened to him after that. He says he was just hiding out, but everyone knows that he just became a death eater."

"I saw him out there!" Ron said jumping up. "I saw him. I should have killed him when I had the chance, but the bugger's mad! You think Voldemort was bad. Malfoy killed his own father for power."

"Ron," Hermione said. "That's not proven."

"Killed Lucius?" Harry said.

"Not proven my ass," Ron said frustrated. "He had absolutely no problem killing Seamus or anyone else out there that day. Anyone that got in his way he killed. His father was first, and Voldemort was second."

"How did he kill him?" Harry asked.

"Earned his trust," Hermione said. "Once Wormtail was killed he needed a right hand man. Lucius had earned a position as Voldemort's confidant, but he wouldn't be a servant. Voldemort didn't appreciate it..."

"And once Malfoy took the task and killed his father," Ron said loudly. "Voldemort knew that his loyalty wouldn't wane."

"Oh Ron," Hermione said glancing at him.

"Seriously!" Ron said. "He became his loyal yet completely confident right hand man. He didn't treat him like Wormtail, but rather trusted his opinion. That was his first mistake. Malfoy earned his trust and then one day, without notice..."

“He cursed him,” Hermione finished. “It was a very notable day in our history. Kind of like the first time around when a baby boy went and destroyed him.”

“Everyone just figured that someone who killed off Voldemort couldn’t really be bad,” Ron continued. “Malfoy played the, ‘I really never supported him, but was in there trying to defeat him,’ card. That’s crap though, because Malfoy got a slight taste of the power. He realized what it felt like and he took his opportunity to get it all.”

“Less than a year later,” Hermione said. “The ignorant board of governors decided he would be the best choice for Minister. However, not everyone believed his story. A lot of people resigned.”

“I did,” Ron said rolling his eyes. “Charlie did as well.”

“I worked there for awhile,” Hermione said sighing. “I mean I had worked so hard to get there. Ultimately I did resign. Malfoy was out to get me. He still held that school boy hatred towards me.”

“All muggle borns for that matter,” Ron said.

“So where do you work now?” Harry asked.

“Gringotts,” Ron said. “Bill’s CEO of the Wizard’s Division. He got me a pretty nice position.”

“Working for the Resilience,” Hermione said grinning. “It’s an underground government sort thing.”

“What are you planning to overthrow the Ministry?” Harry asked in shock. “Isn’t that dangerous?”

“In time and yes,” Hermione said confidently. Ron rolled his eyes.

“Scares the crap out of me,” Ron said. “Just because you’re brilliant doesn’t mean you have to do something so dangerous. This was all well and fine when we were younger, but she’s a mother now. She has four children who need her.”

"That's mad," Harry said rubbing his head. "Wait...four children? You have another child?"

Hermione glanced at Ron. "Well...we've only had three children."

"So where's the fourth come in..." Harry began to say before the sudden realization hit him. "James..."

Ron nodded. "When you went missing Harry, he was left all alone. He's always been like a surrogate child to us, and we weren't about to let him get taking away. So we actually talked it over with McGonagall. We all felt it best, and of course we took him in."

"I can't believe that," Harry said frustrated. "What kind of moron did I become if I went and left without a trace and then stuck you two with my son?"

"He's no trouble," Hermione said. "He's brilliant. I mean he loves to learn."

"Doesn't matter," Harry said shaking his head. "I mean he was my responsibly. What kind of idiot did I really become?"

"Harry," Hermione said. "This is weird to say, but you really can't be blaming yourself for something that happens to your in future."

"Well," Harry said. "It's not really comforting to know that I've grown up to be a deadbeat dad."

"Harry it's not like that," Ron said trying to calm him down. "We've never thought for one moment that you just picked up and left your kid. You wouldn't have done that."

"So what do you think happened?" Harry asked. "I mean what happened the last time you saw me?"

"Well..." Ron said. "It was about six years ago..."

“Do you think he’ll like it?” asked a small ten year old Liz.

“Of course,” Hermione said as she combed her daughter’s hair. “James will love anything you give him.”

“Not necessarily,” Liz said as she fiddled with the package in her lap. “I mean it’s a rather silly shirt”

“He’ll be thrilled,” Hermione said smiling at her little girl. “You know he loves Quidditch.”

“I know,” Liz said sighing. “I just want him to like it.”

“Well,” Hermione said as she put the brush down. “That’s really sweet of you.”

“I mean my birthday is right around the corner,” Liz said smiling slyly. “I want to make sure he likes my gift so that I know he’ll get me a good present.”

“You are just like your father,” Hermione said rolling her eyes and smiling widely. “Speaking of him, he’ll be back with the boys any minute and then we’re going over to Harry’s. So get your shoes on.”

“Ok,” Liz said hopping up and disappearing up the staircase.

Hermione laughed to herself as she started to tidy up the living room. She stopped when she suddenly heard the door open.

“Stop, stop, stop!” Ron said as he grabbed one of his sons around the waste and struggled to hold the other and a paper bag in the other in his arm.

“Hey,” Hermione said rushing over to help him. “How’d the shopping go?”

“Muggle shopping,” Ron said as he put down the kids. “With two three year old boys, is impossible. I can’t even tell you how many times I just wanted to grab my wand and...”

“Oh Ron,” Hermione said laughing as she kissed him on the cheek. “Did you get everything?”

“I hope so,” Ron said as he pushed the strand of hair that was falling in front of his eyes away.

“Good,” Hermione said as she grabbed her coat. “Tell you what, I’ll take Aiden and you get Conner and we’ll head over to Harry’s.”

“One I think I can handle,” Ron said taking a deep breath. “Liz, come along. We’re leaving.” He paused and waited for a response, but heard nothing. “Elizabeth Marie Weasley, get your bum downstairs.”

“Coming!” Liz yelled. “Just a minute.”

“She’s ten,” Ron said looking at Hermione as he struggled to restrain his hyperactive son. “What can she possibly be doing?”

“Oh ten is when it starts,” Hermione said smiling. “Wait until she’s a teenager. Then we get this, plus so much more. Boys included...”

“Oh we’ll get there when it comes,” Ron said rolling his eyes like the protective father he was. “I think the best plan would be not to let her date until she’s about thirty...” He paused when he suddenly heard a knock at the door. He walked over and opened the door to see a small dark hair boy standing there.

“Hey James,” Ron said surprised. “Happy Birthday! We we’re just coming over to celebrate.”

“Ron!” said a voice that was approaching the house. It was Harry running up the drive. “Hey Ron.”

“Harry,” Hermione said stepping next to Ron in the doorway. “We were just coming down to see you.”

“I know,” Harry said out of breath. “I know. I’m sorry.”

“It’s all right,” Ron said as he looked Harry up and down. “What’s up?”

“Well,” Harry said as he caught his breath. “I just got a phone call. I really need to run out and meet up with some of the Resilience members.”

“What about?” Hermione asked concerned. “And how come I don’t know about this?”

“Dunno,” Harry said as he ran his hand through his trademark messy hair. “They didn’t say anything except it was important.”

“Well, who was it?” Hermione asked in her typical tone. “I mean who asked you to meet them.”

“Hermione,” Harry said laughing. “I love you, you know that? You are always looking out for me. Don’t worry, I’m a big boy and Voldemort is gone. I’m sure it’s fine.”

“Harry,” Hermione said glancing down at James. “What about...?”

“Do you think you can watch him?” Harry asked quickly. “I’ll be an hour. Tops.”

“What about Katie?” Ron asked. “Where’s she?”

“Ummm...” Harry said thinking hurriedly. “She went to pick Mike up from his dad’s. I should be back around the same time she is. So will you watch him?”

“Of course,” Hermione said looking at James who was being distracted by something that Conner was doing. “Harry are you sure? I mean it’s his tenth birthday?”

“I’ll be right back,” Harry said smiling a charming smile. “I promise.”

“We’ve got him,” Ron said grinning. “Hurry back though.”

“Of course,” Harry said as he got down eye level with his son. “I’ll be right back Jamesy. I mean it isn’t everyday your young man turns ten.”

James just smiled and nodded.

Harry smiled back and then looked up at his friends. "You both are the best, but you already know that."

"An hour," Ron said as he ushered James into the house. "Or so help you Potter..."

"Harry," Hermione interrupted. "Be careful."

"Will do," Harry said smiling as he turned and walked down the drive.

"Well," Ron said.

"I have a bad feeling, Ron," Hermione said as she watched her best friend disappearing down the street. "This isn't like Harry to miss James' birthday for a work meeting."

"It's only an hour," Ron said as he walked into the house.

"I don't know," Hermione said breathing deeply as she followed him. "You can't say that Harry wasn't acting a bit strangely though?"

"Well," Ron said. "It's Harry. You know how he gets."

"I guess," Hermione said as she watched James open Liz's present.

"It's great!" James said smiling as he looked at Liz and then up at Ron and Hermione.

"You really like it?" Liz asked excitedly.

"Yeah," James said smiling as he showed Ron and Hermione his new Quidditch jersey.

"Then what happened?" Harry asked.

“Well,” Hermione said. “An hour turned into two, into three. Then Katie and Mike came over. The next thing we knew it was almost midnight and we still hadn’t heard from you.”

“That’s when we got worried,” Ron said.

“So I called some of my co-workers,” Hermione said. “And no one had heard of any sort of meeting, and no one had heard from you.”

“The next few days we’re a blur,” Ron said. “Reporters everywhere trying to get to James and get any information. The headlines in the Daily Prophet were ludicrous. The Ministry started acting as if they actually cared. Everyone was looking for you. No one had any information.”

“I can’t believe that,” Harry said. “So I’m as good as dead?”

“We hate to think like that,” Hermione said. “For James’ sake.”

“Do you really think I’m still out there?” Harry asked.

“I have hope,” Ron said as Hermione nodded. “All of us who really knew you have hope.”

Harry stared at the floor. “This is so much to take in. No wonder James was so somber when he saw me.”

“James is a very private person,” Hermione said. “Besides having the fact that you’ve gone missing over his head, he’s also a celebrity. From the day he was born he’s been the ‘Boy Who Lived Son.’ He’s only become more of a celebrity since you’ve gone missing. Reporters always want to talk to him about the last thing he wants to talk about.”

“Poor kid,” Harry said solemnly.

“Well besides that,” Ron said. “The kid’s bloody brilliant. We never knew his mum, but we reckon she would of had something on Hermione. I mean you were clever, Harry, but we know he sure as hell didn’t get it from you.”

"Is he?" Harry asked smiling slightly.

"Yeah," Ron said as he tried to cheer Harry up. "He flies like you though. He's a chaser. Seeker didn't agree with him."

"He tries very hard to get away from your shadow," Hermione said smiling.

"And get this," Ron said laughing. "He's much more popular with girls than we ever were. Liz tells us the stories of his admirers. He denies all of it because he's shy, but I wouldn't doubt it."

"Of course he's more popular than you all," Hermione said standing up. "You two were nerds."

"Love you too, dear," Ron said as he threw a pillow at her.

"So," Hermione said dodging it. "Do you have any questions?"

"Hundreds," Harry said. "Where can I start?"

"Anywhere," Ron said. "Shoot..."

"Well," Harry said. "First of all, I'd love to know what's happened to everyone. Who else is dead and who else married an idiot?"

"Believe it or not Ron's not that bad," Hermione said laughing.

Harry laughed as Ron threw another pillow. "Actually, I wasn't talking about Ron."

"Well then who?" Ron asked laughing.

"I'll get to that in a minute," Harry said standing up. "I think I need to splash some water on my face."

"Upstairs, second door on the right." Ron said standing up.

“All right,” Harry said as he walked upstairs. He noticed some more pictures hanging in the hallway as he started to examine them. He laughed as he turned and proceeded down the hallway. He open the door that he expected to be a bathroom, but turned out to be a bedroom. He turned to leave when something caught his eye. He entered the room and looked around. It obviously belonged to a teenage boy, and Harry could only assume it was James’.

He smiled as he noticed the Quidditch posters on the wall and the textbooks and magazines on the desk. It looked a lot like Harry would have pictured his own room had he had the freedom to decorate it freely without having to worry about the Dursley’s. He noticed the pictures on the dresser and a small teddy bear that lay in the corner of the room.

“Wow,” Harry said as he reached down a picked up one of the Quidditch magazines. He walked over to the head of the bed and sat down when he suddenly felt something hard underneath him. He stood up and saw that he was sitting on a pillow and something was underneath it. He reached under and found what he was sitting on. He pulled it out and felt tears welling in his eyes as he looked at it....

He felt tears well up in his eyes as he looked down at the small picture frame. Inside the frame was a picture. A picture of Harry holding James. James seemed to only be about a year or two old, and they were both smiling excitedly in the picture. So much emotion flooded Harry's mind. Mainly the fact that he knew exactly what James was going through. This picture reminded him of the pictures that he had been given as a child of him and his parents.

"Sink's across the hall," came Hermione's voice from the doorway.

Harry wiped his eyes. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be," Hermione said as she came over and sat down next to him. "Ahh I see you've found that picture."

"You knew about it?" Harry asked.

"Who do you think tidies up this room," Hermione said smiling. "He's got another copy of it at school with him."

"It reminds me of me and my parents," Harry said as his voice broke a little. "I mean I just feel so bad because I know exactly what he's going through."

"Well," Hermione said. "Not exactly. You at least had closure. As much as I hate to say it, you knew your parents were dead."

"I know," Harry said as he put the picture down.

"You know who gave him that picture?" Hermione said.

"Who?" Harry asked.

"Hagrid," Hermione said smiling. "His first year at Hogwarts."

"Just like he did with me," Harry said softly. "Is he still alive?"

"Not now," Hermione said. "He died about three years ago very peacefully. He really never was quite the same old Hagrid after Dumbledore died."

"I see," Harry said as he stood up and put the picture back underneath the pillow.

"He keeps the newspaper clippings over there," Hermione said as she pointed to a notebook on his desk.

"Clippings?" Harry said as he walked over and picked up the notebook. He opened it to see several Daily Prophet clippings from throughout the years.

"The Boy Who Lived: MISSING," Harry read as he flipped the page. "Is the Boy Who Lived Still Living?', 'James Potter; The Little Boy Left Behind.'" He shut the book.

"Like Ron said," Hermione began. "They were ludicrous headlines.

"He saves them?" Harry said coming over and sitting back down.

"Seems that way," Hermione said looking around the room. Her eyes landed on the Quidditch magazine that Harry had picked up earlier.

Harry followed her look. He studied the cover when something suddenly hit him. "Is that...?" He asked.

"Yes," Hermione said picking it up. "The one and only Oliver Wood."

"Wow," Harry said smiling as he stared at the cover and read the subtitle. "An interview with this generations Quidditch legend."

"Great..." Hermione said scoffing a little. "Sure...."

"Oh don't tell me," Harry said looking at Hermione. "What he's Malfoy's best friend, he's a death eater, he killed a whole bunch of innocent people?"

"No," Hermione said grinning. "He was on our side. After all read the story. He's the ideal athlete..."

"And?" Harry asked.

"Well," Hermione said. "There's no doubt that he's an ideal athlete, but..."

"Hermione?" said a female voice from downstairs.

"Hold on," Hermione said standing up and looking over the banister. "Hey Katie."

"Hey," said a pretty brunette with shoulder length hair. "Just thought I'd return the boys. I need to head down to the Prophet."

"Oh I'm sorry," Hermione said as Harry subtly glanced over the banister. "I completely lost track of time. Thank you for watching them."

"My pleasure," Katie said smiling. "It's the least I can do after all the times you've watched Mike."

"Well thanks anyway," Hermione said smiling. "Oh Ron said that he'd go and pick the kids up from Kings Cross on Friday."

"Oh good," Katie said sighing. "I had a press meeting and was hoping you would be able to."

"Don't ever be afraid to ask," Hermione said.

"I know," Katie said smiling. "But still. Oh well I'm running late. Talk to you later?"

"Sure, bye," Hermione said turning around and seeing Harry standing right next to her. "Oh!"

"Sorry," Harry said. "Didn't mean to scare you. Was that Katie Bell?"

"Yeah," Hermione said as she walked back into James' room.

"Wow," Harry said. "She's changed. I mean she looks great..."

"She is great," Hermione said smiling. "She lives down the street. Right across from where your house was."

"She works for the Daily Prophet?" Harry said. "She's a reporter?"

"Yes," Hermione said. "Mostly sports. She's the leading Quidditch reporter."

"Really," Harry said laughing. "That sounds like an amazing job."

"She loves it," Hermione said as she picked up some of the various things in James' room. "Well most aspects of it."

"And she's Mike's mother," Harry said grinning. "Mike Bell. I should have figured that one out. Wait, why does he have his mum's last name?"

"Now we come to the aspects that she doesn't like about Quidditch," Hermione said grinning.

"What?" Harry asked confused.

"Mike's dad," Hermione said. "Well, he's a Quidditch player. Katie and him were never married or anything. In fact it was a very secret relationship."

"Why was it secret," Harry asked.

"He's married with three children," Hermione said.

"What?" Harry said shocked. "Is everything is a scandal now a days?"

"Isn't life just one big scandal?" Hermione said sighing.

"So Mike doesn't know his dad?" Harry asked.

"Oh he does," Hermione said. "He sees his dad every second weekend of the month. It's a very secret thing. I mean his family is now aware of their past relationship. Obviously with Mike around they

can't not know. The public doesn't know though, and everyone has the intention of keeping it that way. It would ruin his career."

"So he doesn't acknowledge Mike as his son?" Harry asked.

"Exactly," Hermione said. "Pays child support and all, but when he's in the public eye, he's the ideal husband and father of three that flew so well in his day."

"What a dead beat," Harry said. "Who is this guy and who does he think he is?"

Hermione leaned over and picked up a magazine. She turned and threw it at Harry. "You tell me."

Harry looked down at the cover and his mouth dropped. "Oliver Wood is his father?"

"According to the paternity test," Hermione said sarcastically.

"She had an affair with Oliver?" Harry asked in shock. "There wasn't even an inkling of them fancying each other back in school when we all played together."

Hermione laughed. "I don't know. I mean she's told me the story. Her first big assignment was to interview Oliver. He was the "it" guy of the moment. Since they were such good friends she thought it would be her big break. One thing led to another..."

"I don't want to hear it," Harry said as he stared at the picture of Oliver. "I would have never pictured Oliver to be like that."

"He's was a super star athlete with millions of fans," Hermione said. "Still is, all though he retired from Quidditch. You read the headline. 'The Legend.'"

"And I thought I couldn't possibly be more surprised," Harry said as he threw the magazine down.

"It's only the beginning," Hermione said. "Katie also dated another big time celebrity. This time it was pretty official though."

"Who now?" Harry said as he looked up and Hermione. "Merlin himself?"

"No," Hermione said. "You."

"Me?" Harry said as his mouth dropped once again.

"Yeah," Hermione said. "For two year until you went missing. You two were pretty serious."

"I can't see myself dating a reporter," Harry said shaking his head.

"Can you see yourself with a son?" Hermione asked.

"No," Harry said as he laid down on James' bed.

"I'm going to go start dinner," Hermione said. "Fell free to lay down for awhile."

"I think I will," Harry said. "I'm exhausted."

"Don't poke him, you'll wake him up," said a small voice.

"Don't we want to wake him up?" asked another voice.

"Yes," said the first. "But you don't want mum and dad to figure out that we woke him up."

Harry turned over and looked at the two small boys that were hovering a few inches over him. "Hi there."

'Look he's awake!' said the one that was wearing Chudely Cannon pajamas.

"We didn't wake you did we?" asked the other in the plain blue pinstriped pajamas.

"No," Harry said rubbing his head. "I needed to wake up. What time is it?"

"Nine thirty," said one of them. "Bedtime."

"Right," Harry said sitting up. "What are you two doing in here?"

"Trying not to wake you up," said the other.

"Oh," Harry said rolling his eyes. "Sorry, I can't tell you two apart. Whose who?"

"I'm Aiden," said the Chudely Cannon one.

"I'm Conner," said the one in the pinstripes.

"Is there anyway to tell you two apart?" Harry asked.

"Of course," Aiden said as he sat down and picked up his foot. "I have a scar right there on the underneath of my foot from where I stepped on a piece of glass. Conner doesn't have that."

Harry stared blankly. "Any other way?" The two boys shook there head.

"Well," Harry said. "You'll just have to keep reminding me."

"What on earth," Ron said as he peeked his head into the room. "What did I tell you two...I'm really sorry Harry."

"It's no problem, really," Harry said as he stood up. "I was up anyway."

"You two," Ron said pointing at his sons. "Bed. Now."

"Night," Aiden said jumping up.

“Yeah, g’night,” Conner said running past Ron.

“Hermione’s got some food for you,” Ron said. “I’m going to go and put them to bed.”

“Don’t let me stop you,” Harry said as he stretched his back. He stepped out into the hallway and into the bathroom. He took his glasses off and proceeded to wash his face. “I guess it wasn’t a dream,” Harry mumbled to himself. He stepped out of the bedroom and glanced into Aiden and Conner’s room where Ron was tucking them in. A smile crept over Harry’s face as he watched his best friend, the one who could barely put his socks when they were eleven, tucking in his sons. He turned and walked downstairs and saw Hermione in the kitchen, pouring over some papers.

“Hey,” Hermione said looking up. She took her glasses off to look at Harry. “You’re up.”

“When did you start wearing glasses?” Harry asked.

“They’re just for reading,” Hermione said. “Did you sleep well?”

“Yeah,” Harry said. “Except for the simple fact that I woke up and I was still here.”

“We’ll get you back,” Hermione said. “I know some potions experts who shouldn’t have a problem doing it.”

“Really?” Harry asked. “So it won’t be a process like it was with my mum?”

“Not really,” Hermione said putting her glasses back on.

“What are you working on?” Harry asked.

“Just some stuff for work,” Hermione said.

“Always working,” Harry said. “Something’s don’t ever change.”

Hermione smiled.

“So did you make Head Girl,” Harry asked.

“Yeah,” Hermione said as she thought back upon her days at Hogwarts.

“Not surprised,” Harry said. “I always knew you would.”

“I always appreciated you and Ron’s encouragement.” Hermione said.

“Can I ask you something?” Harry asked.

“Of course,” Hermione said not looking up from her work.

“Why did Ginny marry Neville?” Harry asked.

Hermione stopped and looked at Harry. “How did you...”

“I met Thomas,” Harry said grinning. “Quite the charmer.”

Hermione laughed. “Yeah, he’s a handful. Well, to be honest with you, Ginny’s had it pretty rough.”

“Rough how?” Harry asked.

“Ron doesn’t even know the half of it,” Hermione said. “You know how private Ginny is. Especially around her brothers. Anyway, after Hogwarts, you and her actually dated briefly.”

“We did?” Harry asked.

“Yeah,” Hermione said. “She was so excited. You were excited. It seemed like promising relationship.”

“What happened,” Harry asked.

“Well,” Hermione said. “A lot happened with her family. Arthur died of cancer, and right after that the whole thing happened with Percy...”

“What happened with Percy?” Harry asked confused.

"That's an entirely different complicated story all together," Hermione said. "Which do you want to hear first? Either one I can't tell around Ron. Ginny he doesn't know about and Percy he refuses to talk about."

"Stay with Ginny then," Harry said.

"Well like I said," Hermione continued. "A lot was happening with the family and she became very distant and distracted. As much as you tried you couldn't get through to her. She decided it best to break up because she felt she wasn't being fair to you."

"Ok," Harry said.

"So anyway," Hermione continued. "She started to get better, but then Ron, Fred, and George all went off to war and it didn't help things. I mean unless you really knew her, you would have thought things were fine. She wasn't the same old Ginny to me though. Especially when you left."

"Really?" Harry asked folding his hands.

"When you left she felt so guilty," Hermione continued. "She had been the one to break it off and she had been afraid that she would never see you again. I remember her telling me that when you got back she would try to fix things and confess all her feelings."

"Then what?" Harry asked.

"Well," Hermione said shrugging. "You came back with a son. You were still mourning the death of his mother. Essentially, Ginny felt like she had missed the boat."

"Oh wow," Harry said.

"So in response," Hermione continued. "She started dating around a lot. Ron was worried because he thought that she was burning herself out. She ended up spending a lot of time with Neville. Just as friends at first, but again, one thing led to another..."

"Wait are you saying..." Harry said wide eyed.

"I remember the day she came to me and told me she was pregnant," Hermione said whispering. "Made me promise not to tell Ron or you or any of her brothers. She was so confused."

"What'd you tell her," Harry asked.

"To tell Neville," Hermione said. "And she did. He did the noble thing and they got married."

"Do you think they really wanted to?" Harry asked.

"Good question," Hermione said. "I think Neville has always fancied Ginny. I really can't say though. I don't talk about it because Ron just thinks that they fell in love, got married, and Thomas followed shortly after."

"Is she happy?" Harry asked.

Hermione just stared at Harry. "I don't know. To be honest with you, ever since you went missing she's been more distant than she had been. I know she feels guilty about it. She always regrets breaking up with you. She just always figured that you would be there to reconcile with."

"I see," Harry said as Ron walked into the room.

"Hey," Ron said. "What are we talking about?"

"Ginny," Hermione said looking at Ron.

"How mad is that," Ron said laughing. "She ended up falling in love with Neville. Mad, huh? It really did turn out to be Ginny Longbottom."

"Yeah," Harry said distantly. "Yeah...."

A/N: See no cliffhanger! Are you all happy!!!!!! Sigh...I couldn't think of a cliffhanger for this one anyway. Oh well, I've got plenty to come!

The kids will be home soon and we'll soon get to know more about them...I'm looking forward to writing that, so it should be posted soon! Til then...

“Why do I have to wear that shirt?” came the voice of one of the twins.

“Aiden,” came Hermione’s voice. “We’ve been through this more times than necessary. You wear a uniform, you need to wear the correct clothing or else they won’t let you in the door. What are you going to do when you go to Hogwarts and you have to wear all this and a robe?”

“That’ll be different,” came Aiden’s voice. “It’ll all be worth it to learn magic instead of arithmetic.”

Harry sat in bed and stared up at the ceiling. Hermione, Ron, and him had sat up late in the night talking about their lives. Surprisingly enough, he had learned that Hermione insisted that her children attend muggle school until they were to go off to Hogwarts. She said it was useful to not only raise the child in the wizard world, but also expose them to muggle culture since that was how she was raised. She also felt it would help them to understand their Granger roots and her family more.

“Ok have a good day,” Hermione said.

“Bye mum, love you,” said one of the boys.

“Yeah, love you,” said the other.

“I love you too,” Hermione said as she slowly opened the door to where Harry was sleeping. Harry watched as she peeked in, but was surprised to see him up.

“Finally up?” Hermione asked coming in.

“Yeah,” Harry said groggily. “I slept like a rock last night.”

“And all day yesterday and yesterday night,” Hermione said grinning.

“What?” Harry asked.

"You slept all day yesterday," Hermione said. "Ron and I felt it best to leave you alone. I know jet lag takes its toll on a person, but I didn't know if that applied to time travel or not."

"I slept all day?" Harry asked shocked.

"Yes," Hermione said sitting down on the edge of the bed. "It was probably for the better. Ron and I had to work all day, and the boys were at school. I left you a note incase you had woken up, but apparently you hadn't. I could tell because none of the food had been touched."

"I've never slept through an entire day before," Harry said rubbing the bridge of his nose.

"Never traveled through time either," Hermione said smiling, "But apparently there is a first for everything."

"Where's Ron?" Harry asked.

"Taking the boys to school," Hermione said. "He's been up since about four. He had to go into Gringotts this morning so that he could get some last minute work done. We both have the rest of the day off."

"Really?" Harry asked. "Doesn't Hogwarts let out today?"

"Yes," Hermione said. "Ron's headed down to King's Cross around noon to get them. I'm sure he'd love the company if you wanted to go with him."

"I don't know," Harry said standing up. "I'd feel a little awkward."

"Oh don't be silly," Hermione said. "The kids have had plenty of time to come to grips with you being here."

"Come to grips...maybe," Harry said as he put a shirt on. "Accepted it?...Hardly."

“Harry,” Hermione said. “You’ll see lots of old Hogwarts people if you do.”

“Is that what I want?” Harry said laughing a little. “I don’t remember wanting to see them when I was there.”

“True,” Hermione said smiling. “Fred and Angelina should be there.”

“They have children there?” Harry asked.

“Jeffery, I believe, is in his third year, while Linda is in her second,” Hermione said. “Natalie and Fred Jr. already graduated.”

“Well,” Harry said. “I’m sure I’d see quite a few of the old school people. The ones that are living that is.”

“Anyway,” Hermione said. “I know Ron would love the company.”

“I’ll think about it,” Harry said. “I think I’ll take a shower first though.”

“I’ll get you a towel,” Hermione said walking over to a nearby linen closet.

“Herm...” Harry said glancing at her.

“Yeah?” Hermione said as she struggled with a handful of towels.

“What happened with Percy?” Harry asked.

“Oh that,” Hermione said. “I forgot you even asked about that....”

“Well,” Harry began. “It’s just...I mean I asked your daughter about it and she said she wasn’t the one to tell me.”

“Her father’s taught her well,” Hermione said sighing. “No one in the entire Weasley family will talk about it.”

“Is it that bad?” Harry asked.

"They seem to think so," Hermione said. "I mean it's not good. Don't think that I'm in anyway trying to lessen the situation."

"Well what happened?" Harry asked inquisitively.

"Well," Hermione began. "It all happened...wow...it was a long time ago. I started to notice the signs right after we left Hogwarts. You know how Percy was, always trying to do the right thing. Well, when Fudge was still Minister of Magic, he didn't believe Voldemort was coming back. He was highly against all the advice that Dumbledore was giving him about making alliances and what not..."

"I remember that," Harry said. "Right after the entire thing with Barty Crotch Jr."

"Exactly," Hermione said. "Anyway, Percy was the first to side with the Ministry, although his entire family was against everything that it was doing. That was the beginning of the dissention between Percy and his family. Well, a little less than three years later, Voldemort came back full force and Fudge was forced to resign due to his..." She paused as if choosing her words carefully. "Incompetence. The entire wizarding world wanted his head on a pole for not taking precautions."

"Go figure," Harry said.

"Yeah," Hermione continued. "Well, when Fudge went down, most of his 'loyal staff' went with him. Including the head ass kissers himself..."

"Percy," Harry said nodding.

"Of course," Hermione said. "Percy spent all his time kissing ass to the wrong side. He worked so hard, only to lose it all in a matter of days."

"I can see his nervous breakdown now," Harry said grinning.

"You're not too far off," Hermione said seriously. "Afterwards, everyone in his family had the entire, 'told you so' attitude, which didn't make

things any better for him. Then his father died. He basically started to go mad. ”

“Seriously mad?” Harry asked.

“Well,” Hermione said. “Percy’s always been a bit off hasn’t he? He just got weirder and weirder. He wanted power and he was trying his best to make up to the ones he had shunned before.”

“So what happened?” Harry asked.

“They didn’t want anything to do with him,” Hermione said. “Of course not. I mean he was so in support for Fudge and his causes. He became more and more withdrawn over time. When I would go to visit Molly with Ron, he would always be there. There was something definitely eerie about it. Failure didn’t agree with him. Eventually he left home and no one heard from him for awhile.”

“Where’d he go?” Harry said.

“From what we were told, he went wandering around Diagon Alley in a strange matter,” Hermione said. “Stumbled into Knockturn Alley one day and that’s when things got bad.”

“Why?” Harry said slowly. “You don’t mean to tell me...”

“He met people,” Hermione said shaking her head a little. “Bad people. People that were telling him exactly what he needed to hear. Telling him he could become great if he would only choose the dark side...”

“Percy...?” Harry said shocked. “He became a death eater?”

Hermione breathed in deeply. “From what we believe. I don’t actually know if he got that far.”

“Got that far?” Harry asked.

“They used him, Harry,” Hermione said slowly. “They used him as bait.”

"Bait?" Harry said wide eyed.

"It's a big part of history," Hermione said. "Our side found out the where bouts of a dark side camp. However, it's almost as if they knew we were coming. A huge confrontation ensued and our side came out victorious. They killed all their advisories that day."

"So?" Harry said.

"All the people we killed that day," Hermione said. "Well they were all out there as bait. There was only about twenty of them out there and there were hundreds of us. Voldemort had promised to send in back up...but he never did."

"That was stupid of him," Harry said.

"It was strategy," Hermione said. "As we were celebrating a victory, he got two of our camps ambushed elsewhere. He had planned to sacrifice all those people on his side, just to distract us."

"And Percy?" Harry asked.

"He was one of them." Hermione said solemnly. "It's really horrible. He really was brilliant. Just troubled..."

"That's so twisted..." Harry said. "Voldemort would do that to his own supporters..."

"Or people he just recently acquired," Hermione said. "He found them to be expendable."

"What a sicko," Harry said.

"Don't we know," Hermione said sighing. "They released the names of those killed there. Of course, Molly was devastated. Bill, Fred, George, and Ron all refused to speak of it. Felt he brought shame to the entire family. Charile and Ginny were angry, but they still saw Percy as their brother and were devastated at the same time. They were the only two to go to the funeral. I mean you know that Fred,

George, and Ron were never on great terms with Percy to begin with. This just pushed them over the edge. As far as Ron's concerned, he doesn't have a fifth brother."

"That's sad," Harry said distantly.

"I thought so," Hermione said. "He also...frequently...reminds me that Percy was a Head Boy, and look where that got him."

"That has nothing to do with it," Harry said picking up the towel.

"I know," Hermione said. "Trust me I know. I told Liz the truth one day after she came home and asked me why she found the name Percy Weasley on a plaque of past Head Boys. She had never heard of her Uncle Percy. Ron found out and told her to never speak of it again. I told her not to around any of her uncles. Conner and Aiden still have no idea."

"Of all the people," Harry said. "I would have never thought that Percy..."

"None of us did," Hermione said. "We were all shocked..."

"I'm going to go take a shower," Harry said.

"I'll go find you something to eat," Hermione said leaving the room. "Oh here. I've found some of James' old clothes for you. He's only a bit taller than you, so his old slacks should fit."

"Thanks," Harry said as he went into the bathroom and took a nice long shower. After about twenty minutes he got out, toweled off, and wrapped the towel around his waist. He stopped and looked at himself in the mirror. He was almost surprised to see himself looking so young. He got dressed and made his way downstairs to where he found Hermione and Ron in the kitchen.

"Morning sunshine," Ron said as he flipped through the day's Daily Prophet.

"Hey," Harry said grinning as he sat down. Hermione came and placed a plate of bacon and eggs in front of him.

"So you thinking about coming up to Kings Cross with me?" Ron said nonchalantly.

"Why not," Harry said shrugging. "It's not like I have anything better to do."

"Good," Hermione said. "I need sometime to straighten up this place before the kids get back."

"I don't know why you straighten up," Ron said folding the newspaper. "They only mess it up anyway."

"Can't blame me for trying," Hermione said. "When are you planning on leaving?"

"We can head down there once Harry's done," Ron said taking a sip of his coffee.

"So you like coffee now?" Harry said watching Ron.

"Not really," Ron said shrugging and making a face. "Nothing else seems to get me up in the morning though. So I suffer with the taste."

"You never were a morning person," Harry said taking his last bite of toast.

"You ready?" Ron said standing up.

"As I'll ever be," Harry said following suit.

"Here," Hermione said tossing Harry a hat. "Just so people won't question you too much. It's one thing that people think you're James when he's not around, but it'll get a bit confusing once you both are standing there together."

"Thanks," Harry said putting the hat on. He followed Ron outside and started laughing hysterically. "Is that what I think it is?"

“Not the same one,” Ron said smiling as he stood next to his blue Ford Anglia. “But similar. What can I say! I saw it one day a few years ago and I couldn’t resist.”

“How often do you use it?” Harry asked.

“Not too often,” Ron said looking at the car. “Whenever we do muggle stuff like visit Hermione’s parents or when I take the boys to school.”

“Well then,” Harry said getting into the car. “I don’t know how much I actually trust you driving though, Ron. Last time you were behind the wheel, I recall something about a Whomping Willow?”

“Ahh,” Ron said grinning. “I’ve gotten better since then. I mainly keep it on the ground nowadays. Pity really. I love this car though.” He paused and looked a little nostalgic. “If only because it reminds me of my dad.”

Harry smiled. “Well, lets see what you can do!”

Harry and Ron spent the drive reminiscing about their time at Hogwarts. What seemed like distant memories to Ron were all recent events in Harry’s life. It was really quite surreal. After about an hour and half, they pulled in front of Kings Cross Station.

“Right on time,” Ron said hopping out of the car. “You coming in?”

“Should I?” Harry asked.

“Sure,” Ron said.

“Ok,” Harry said slowly as he got out of the car. “I think I’ll just hang back and observe though. I don’t really feel like talking.” He glanced around, but only noticed strange and unfamiliar faces, or so he thought.

“Ron!” came a voice from inside the building.

“Hey Fred!” Ron said waving at his older brother who was walking out of the building, followed closely by a tall, dark haired young man.

“How you been?” Fred said coming up and hugging his brother. He didn’t seem to notice Harry even standing there, which Harry didn’t mind as he stepped back. “How’s Hermione?”

“Busy and good,” Ron said as he pushed his hands into his pockets. “Hey there Freddy, how are you?”

“Good,” said the dark haired guy that was standing next to Fred. “Just thought I’d help dad come and pick up the rug rats.” Harry looked him up and down. He was obviously Fred’s son, but he couldn’t have looked any different from Fred if he tried. He was in his early twenties with dark hair, brown eyes, and olive skin. He was as tall as Ron and very handsome, but looked nothing like a Weasley.

“How’s your mother?” Ron said as he walked into the building with them. Harry quietly followed behind, trying to go unnoticed.

“She’s been a bit ill,” Freddy said sighing. “Nothing too serious, but she’s been in bed for the past few days.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Ron said. “Send Angelina my best.”

“Will do,” Fred said grinning. “Have you spoken to mum lately?”

“About a week ago,” Ron said. “Why?”

“Nothing,” Fred said a bit distracted. “Ginny called round the other day saying that mum’s been a bit down and out.”

“I’ve been so busy lately,” Ron said. “I’ve barely even talked to anyone.”

“Yeah,” Fred said eyeing Ron, who was good five or six inches taller than he was. “We’ve noticed. Why just the other day, Ginny and I were talking about how we never hear from our big bad banker brothers. Now Bill, he’s understandable since he’s big man on the totem pole, but you...come on Ickle Ronnie, what’s your excuse?”

Ron made a face at Fred that made Harry laugh. He couldn't tell if it was because Fred had called him by his hated childhood pet name, or because he was trying to deliberately get a rise out of him. "I've been busy," Ron said. "Sorry, but not all of us can own joke shops and spend our days acting thirty years younger than we are."

"Pity isn't it?" Fred said grinning widely. "Well just don't become a recluse like my twin. Ever since he's gotten married it's been almost impossible to get him to focus."

"Still?" Ron said laughing.

"He's like a sixteen year old boy in love for the first time," Fred said rolling his eyes. "They're going on holiday...again! They're going to Rome next weekend, leaving me in charge of things...again! Keeps telling me it's the honeymoon period. Last time I checked you didn't go on twelve honeymoons."

"Well," Ron said. "It's about time he's happy and content. Took him long enough. You're right though. Hermione called a few weeks back to invite him and Maggie over for dinner. I believe he had to schedule us in several weeks down the road."

"I dare him to give me any of that crap," Fred said. "Next thing you know, Mags will be pregnant and he'll need to take a holiday because the baby kicked. Mind you, I've had four children and still maintained my fine business attitude."

"Fred," Ron said giving him a look. "You own a joke shop and spend your time wearing a giant chicken hat..."

"Very successful joke shops," Fred said matter of factly. "Don't you start! Hey, how are the boys? You haven't brought them around in ages."

"You know how Hermione fears them going in that store," Ron said smiling as he walked through the barrier. "Last time I believe they came home and turned Liz into a canary..."

“Oh Hermione should have known better than to let Liz eat our canary creams!” Fred said laughing. “We pulled the same thing on her when she was younger. Oh did she get mad....”

“So,” Ron said. “Since then, she’s limited the boys visits to two per year.”

“Well then,” Fred said as the Hogwarts Express pulled in. “I’ll have to send my favorite nephews some presents! You know twins need to stick together.”

“Knowing some of the things in your shop,” Ron said laughing a little as kids started to appear off the train. “I wouldn’t be surprised if they actually did stick together. Although it would make it easier to keep track of them.”

“Dad, dad!” said two kids who came up to hug Fred. One a girl, with long, dark hair and light skin. The other, a boy who resembled Freddy a great deal with his dark hair and eyes, and olive skin.

“Hey there!” Fred said smiling as he watched his kids hug their older brother. “Say hi to Uncle Ron.”

“Hi Uncle Ron,” the two kids said in unison.

“Hey Jeff,” Ron said grinning. “Hey Linda. Have a good year?”

“For the most part,” Jeffery said shifting. “Ready to go home though.”

“In time,” Fred said. “Calm down.”

“Well,” came a female voice who approached. “Look at this party.”

“Hey!” Ron said surprised as he hugged his daughter. “Look at you creeping up on me.”

“You miss me?” Liz said smiling.

“Of course sweetie,” Ron said as he watched his daughter hug Fred and her cousin Freddy. “Wait...what’d you do to your hair?”

"I was wondering how long it would take you to notice," Liz said as she ran her hand through her now straight red hair. "It's just a spell. I just wanted to see what it would look like straight."

"Kids nowadays," Fred said shaking his head. "Getting tattoos, doing drugs, straightening their hair!"

Liz smiled. "Do you like it dad?"

"Of course," Ron said smiling. "Your mum will be surprised."

"I think she'll be more shocked when she sees James's hair," Liz said grinning slyly.

"He hair was already straight," Fred said looking at Liz. "What'd he do, make it straighter?"

"Actually," said a voice from behind Fred. "He shaved most of it off." They all turned to see James standing there with considerably shorter hair.

"I can see that," Ron said as he looked at James skeptically. "What did you do?"

"Well, I didn't do it," James said as he glanced at Mike who was standing next to him smiling. "My roommate Paul Gleason did it."

"Hmm..." Fred said. "I don't remember sitting around the common room doing that. Good show though James. I like it."

"Thanks," James said smiling cheekily.

"Hermione's going to kill you," Ron said laughing. "You're old enough to do what you want though James. "

"I know," James said as he rubbed nose. "Are we taking Mike back?"

"Yeah," Ron said looking at Mike. "Your mum had to work."

"I figured," Mike said. "She's a workaholic."

"Hey," Fred said looking at something over Liz shoulder. "Is that...well hell it is! Oliver Wood! I haven't seen him in ages. I should go get his autograph."

James and Liz both looked at each other and made faces, while Mike took a quick step behind Freddy, almost as if he was hiding.

"Mike," Ron said trying to catch Mike's eye. "Are you planning on going over and saying..."

"Fred?" came a male voice. "Or is it George?"

"Fred," Fred said grinning. "If it isn't the one and only Oliver Wood. How you been?"

"Great," Oliver said flashing his ever famous, magazine cover smile. Harry couldn't help but notice that he looked the exact same from when he was younger, only more mature and aged. He was a handsome man, and Harry could see why he would have legions of female fans. With him were two boys, one in his late teens, and the other in his early twenties, but both identical clones of Oliver. He also had a girl with him, who looked older than one of the boys, but younger than the other. She too looked just like her father, but Harry couldn't help but think she was extremely attractive.

"Oh this is three quarters of my children," Fred said pointing to his kids. "Fred, Jeff, and Linda."

"You and Angelina still going strong?" Oliver asked as he shook Fred Jr.'s hand.

"As ever," Fred said beaming. "And you remember my brother Ron?"

"Yes," Oliver said smiling cordially. "Nice to see you. This must be your daughter. I can tell with the hair and all."

"Yeah," Ron said looking at Liz who wasn't smiling at all towards Oliver. "This is Liz, and that's James Potter..."

“Oh,” Oliver said suddenly looking James up and down. “I’ve always wanted to meet you...”

“We have met,” James said very acidly. “Several times in fact. I just never fully introduced myself.”

“We have?” Oliver said a little shocked. “When...?”

“Hey...” Mike said stepping out in front of his father.

“Michael!” Oliver said shocked. “What were you doing back there? How are you?”

“Fine,” Mike said shortly. “And yourself?”

“All right,” Oliver said oblivious to the awkwardness and turning back to James. “You’re Mike’s friend that has come over a few times. I can’t believe I never noticed.”

“You’re a busy man,” James said coldly.

“Right,” Oliver said turning towards his kids. “Oh let me introduce you, Fred. This is Andrew, Diana, and Daniel. Daniel was head boy and just finished his seventh year.” He turned and smiled to the group. “The last one is finally done.”

“Mike still has another year left,” Liz said very bitterly while glaring at Oliver.

“Oh,” Oliver said obviously embarrassed. “You’re absolutely right. My mistake.” He smiled to Mike. “I’ve still got one more to go. Anyway, we’ve best be on our way. It was lovely to see you all. Michael, I’ll see you soon. Send your mother my regards.”

“Bye,” Fred said a little confused, while Mike forced a smile towards his dad. “What was that about?”

“Nothing,” Ron said. “We’d better go.” He gave Liz and James a look. “These two rays of sunshine probably want to get back.”

"I can't help the fact that he's a bugger!" Liz said as James nodded.

"Ok," Ron said grinning up at Fred. "I'll give you a call sometime later. We'll have to get the families together."

"Definitely," Fred said. "We need to go find Thomas and Abby. I told Ginny I'd bring them home. So I'll see you all later."

"Bye Uncle Fred," Liz said as she watched him and his family disappeared.

"Real cute there," Ron said looking at the three of them. "Now where did Harry go?"

"He's here?" James asked.

"Yes," Ron said. "Is that a problem?"

"No," James said shrugging. "Come on Mike, let's go get a trolley and get our trunks. I'll get yours too, Liz."

"Thanks," Liz said as she watched them leave.

"How's he been?" Ron said to Liz.

"Better," Liz said. "We had a long talk. I think he's come to terms a little."

"Hey," Harry said walking up.

"Hey," Ron said. "I'm really sorry about all that..."

"Don't worry," Harry said smiling. "All I wanted to do was observe, and that's exactly what I did. Hey Liz."

"Hi Harry," Liz said smiling.

"I can't believe how much..." Harry began to say before he was suddenly interrupted.

“Well, well, well,” said a menacing voice. “If it isn’t Ron Weasley, and...” He paused and laughed. “That must be little James Potter. It’s been awhile since I’ve seen you...”

All three of them turned to see who was speaking, and they were shocked when they did. Standing there dressed in black from head to toe, was Draco Malfoy...”

A/N: There I go ending it with Malfoy again...!! Sigh.....!

A/N: Well, hey, hello, hola, bonjour...yeah and every other way you can think of to say it. I've been busy lately, but I'm still working this story out. So don't worry, the updates will come...Oh yeah, recently Black Ice asked about Harry's height in comparison to Ron and Hermione...well in answer to that, the way I envision it in my twisted little head, is that since Harry is sixteen in the story, he's already pretty much (give or take an inch or two) the height he'll be for the rest of his life. At least that's the way it is with most guys...So the way I've always pictured it as Harry being about 5'9...Ron being about 6'0-6'1, and Hermione around 5'5. Although I have caught myself as envisioning Harry as smaller at times...he's not meant to be :)

"Can I help you?" Ron said in a very irritable tone.

"Wouldn't you like that," Malfoy said smiling dryly. "Not unless you plan on bending over and polishing my shoes."

"Well then," Ron said. "This conversation is thankfully over..."

"Can't I just say hello," Malfoy said trying to sound cheerful. "I mean we go so far back." Harry could see through his act though. He was still the superficial and selfish brat that he had always been.

"Not far enough," Ron said. "I don't think I could ever be far enough from you."

"Is that anyway to speak to the Minister of Magic?" Malfoy said raising an eyebrow and glancing towards Liz "That must be the daughter. Poor thing..."

"What is the hell is that suppose to mean?" Ron said stepping towards Malfoy. The look in Ron's eyes was all too familiar to Harry.

"Nothing," Malfoy said glancing casually to his side. "I take it you and the mudblo..." He stopped as if suddenly remembering he was a man of statue. "Granger...got together. She looks just like her."

"Yes," Ron said very forced. "We did, not that its any of your business. Eighteen very happy years."

"Cute," Malfoy said as his eyes stayed on Liz, who was scowling more at Malfoy than she ever had at Oliver Wood. "Isn't it funny what one person considers happiness, another considers..." He paused and laughed a little. "Oh never mind."

Ron was furious. Harry could tell that if Malfoy wasn't surrounded by his entourage, Ron would have pummeled him.

"Well," Malfoy said as he suddenly turned back to Harry. "James Potter. I haven't seen you since you were just a lost little boy. I've heard quite a bit about you. I'm..." He paused again to pick his word carefully. "Sorry about how things worked out for you. You seem to look normal enough though. Then again," He glanced quickly at Ron. "Your father looked normal as well, and he was anything but."

"How about you shut the hell up," Ron said. "You have absolutely no right to talk about Harry!"

"I haven't said one bad thing," Malfoy said innocently. "Your father was quite an interesting person. We had our moments of course..."

"Moments!" Ron said. "Harry despised you!"

"Well," Malfoy said as his eyes became cloudy. "At least the feeling was mutual."

Harry stood there wanting to scream at him. He wanted to jump on him and beat his face like that night at the ball. He couldn't though. Malfoy was a grown man now, who was heavily protected. He just stared at him, searching his brain for something to say. Anything.

"Well," Malfoy said. "I must be on my way. I need to meet my wife..."

"Who would ever be that desperate," Ron said glaring at him.

"Please," Malfoy said. "I have them fighting over me. I'm on the third one. I grow so tired of them after awhile."

"That's sick," Liz said.

“Liz,” Ron said giving her a look as if to tell her not to speak.
“Please...”

“Maybe you’re little girl has a point,” Malfoy said. “It may be a problem.” He smiled wickedly. “But it’s one in which the consequences are so right.”

Harry just shook his head as he saw a young trophy looking blonde appear next to Malfoy. She couldn’t have been older than twenty, and Harry guessed that number probably also matched her IQ level.

“Are we leaving?” she said. “This place has way too many children running around, and with children come germs and all that yucky stuff.”

“We’ll leave when I say we’ll leave,” Malfoy said with a wave of his hand. “Well, Weasley, as always...the pleasure is all yours.”

“Sod off,” Ron scoffed.

“Oh,” Malfoy said faking a hurt look. “And in front of the children too! Such a pity...” He quickly looked at Harry and smiled evilly as he stepped up close to him and leaned in close.

“You know you can escape this,” he whispered. “You come from a powerful family. Incredibly stupid, but powerful. I believe there is a reason for everything, including your father’s...” He turned and coughed. “Disappearance. He would have wanted you to become successful. I can help you there.”

Harry stared deep into the Malfoy eyes. Overcome with so many enraged emotions. “If what you are is successful,” he drawled out slowly. “Then that’s the absolute last thing I ever want.”

Malfoy stood up straight and glared at the boy he thought was James. “Stupid just like him. I guess being orphaned without any parents will do that to a you.” He came in close again and whispered even lower than before. “You’ll end up just like him if you keep this up. Alone and pleading...just like him...” With that he stood up straight and left, his cape flowing behind him.

Harry stood there and blinked a few times, before turning to Ron. "What was that?"

"The worst sorts," Ron said enraged. "I can't believe...Uggg! I'm going to go get the car."

"So that was him," Liz said shaking her head as Ron walked off. "He really is as bad as people always said..."

"You had never met him before?" Harry asked looking at her. "McGonagall said that he was going to Hogwarts the other day..."

"He comes all the time," Liz said. "However, upon my parents requests, we are at all costs to keep James away from him."

"Why?" Harry asked. "Does Malfoy know this?"

"I don't think he has any idea," Liz said shrugging. "He's never gone out of his way to get to James or anything. My parents have a bad feeling though. That's why my dad was so angry."

"Well," Harry said grinning a little. "He'll get over it. I mean after all, he met me, not James."

"True," Liz said as James and Mike reappeared with a trolley of trunks.

"What's up!" Mike said sliding up to Liz. "Your dad go to get the car?"

"Yeah," Liz said. "We just had a wonderful run in with the Minister of Magic."

"Malfoy?" Mike said. "Gross...you know in the paper, they make him out to look really rat like. Does he look like that in person?"

"All that and more," Harry said shaking his head.

"Ewww..." Mike said making a face.

"He thought Harry was you," Liz said looking at James, who was leaning quietly against the trolley.

"Yeah," Harry said turning towards his son. "Don't worry though. I think I handled him well enough."

"Well," James said looking at the ground and nodding slightly. "I appreciate that."

Harry stood there staring at James. He stood a good two inches taller than him, but their builds were identical. With the exception of James's bright blue eyes, lack of glasses and scar, and his new shorter hair, Harry would have thought he was looking in a mirror.

"You know," Harry said. "I wish I could say something to make this easier for you. I know what happened, and all though on some level it is my fault, at the same time there's absolutely nothing I can do. Right now I'm just a sixteen year old kid whose going through some weird experience. I'm really sorry though. I'd really like to get along with you."

James looked up at Harry. Harry could see so much in those blue eyes. So much pain and anguish. "I know," James said. "It's just...weird. It's not your fault, but it's still something I'm getting used to."

"I completely understand," Harry said smiling meekly. He turned to see Ron coming back in. "Come on I'll help you all get your stuff in the car." They all grabbed the trunks and started lugging them out to the car.

"Hey," said a voice that belonged to a fellow Gryffindor. "You kids have a good summer!"

"You too Paul," James said smiling to his roommate. "We'll owl you sometime and see if you can come visit." Paul waved as he walked away just as James turned around to see Liz throw a heavy bag at him.

“Umph..!” James exclaimed as he looked at Liz. “You know that a little ‘heads up’ would be appreciated?”

“I know,” Liz said smiling. “Tell you what, I’ll make it up to you. Heads up.”

“What?” James said looking at her puzzled.

“Hi there,” said a strained female voice from behind James. James’s eyes suddenly went very wide as he looked at Liz, almost pleading with her silently.

“Hi Gina,” Liz said forcing a smile. “How are you?”

“No, no, no...” James was mumbling under his breath still glaring at Liz.

“Fine,” said the girl with the short curly black hair. “I just saw you leaving and thought I should come and wish you all a good summer.”

“Well,” Liz said with a very sneaky smile on her face. “Isn’t that sweet. Don’t you think James?”

“I hate you...” James whispered to Liz before he turned around to face the girl. “Hi.”

“Oh James,” Gina said smiling. “I just love your hair like that. You look so...distinguished.” At that Liz and Mike burst out laughing and quickly turned around.

“Thank you,” James said very awkwardly and apparently very forced.

“What’s so funny,” Harry asked.

“That,” Liz said nodding towards the girl. “Is Regina Boot. She’s a completely obnoxious Ravenclaw girl.”

“She only thinks she’s obnoxious,” Mike said grinning at Liz. “Because she’s her only real competition for head girl.”

"Stupid know it all," Liz said rolling her eyes. "Anyway, she also happens to fancy James to absolutely no end. Practically the president of his fan club. He, however, doesn't feel the same way...She's way too self centered for him."

"And he's too nice..." Mike began. "Or maybe it's shy...we really haven't figured out which yet. Either way, he won't just tell her bug off."

Harry grinned. He glanced over his shoulder and watched his son standing there, trying to be polite, but wanting to get out of that situation as soon as possible.

"Your birthday is next week isn't it?" Gina asked. "You must be excited. Seventeen...it's such a grown up age."

"Yeah," James said nodding slowly. "It's really nothing special, It's just another day. I never really celebrate."

"Oh that's a shame," she said sounding sympathetic for some reason. "Well, maybe this year will be different. I mean if you surround yourself with the right people." She seemed to accentuate the word people, as if she was hinting at something. James turned around and glared at the group as if begging for help. Even Ron was standing there grinning at him.

"Well I intend to," James said. "Umm...I mean, my friends are around, all the people I care about...and...and..." He paused as if an idea came into his head. "My girlfriend!"

"Your what?" Gina said staring at James as if she just got hit by a truck. "You have a girlfriend?"

"Yes," James said nodding. "Yes I do. Infact," He turned around took a deep breath. "I think it's time it stopped being a secret. Right, Liz?"

"Come again?" Liz said looking at James like he had three heads.

“Oh,” James said coming over to her and pulling her over to Gina. “Don’t play silly, dear. There’s really no point in keeping it a secret for any longer.”

“You’re off your rocker,” Liz said laughing a little.

“I thought you too were just best friends,” Gina asked skeptically.

“Well,” James said nervously. “You know how that goes. One day its platonic and the next thing you know, you’re in love. Right Liz?”

“Maddly,” Liz said very dryly.

“Well,” Gina said a little shocked. “I need to go. I have to see my parents. Have a good summer.”

“You too,” Liz said smiling widely and waving at her as she walked away. When she was out of earshot she elbowed James in the ribs. “What was that?”

“Hi Gina, how are you?” James said mocking Liz. “What was that?”

“I was saying hello,” Liz said as she walked over to the car. “Not declaring my undying love.”

“I wouldn’t say undying,” James said glaring at her. “Right now it’s on serious life support.”

“You’re impossible,” Liz said. “You know she’s going to tell people.”

“Who cares,” James said. “People won’t believe her. You shouldn’t be worried. The guy of your dreams isn’t in school anymore.”

“I don’t fancy him,” Liz said aggravated as she got in the car

“Fancy who?” Mike asked.

“No one,” Liz said practically yelling.

“I wouldn’t mind knowing,” Ron said smiling a little.

“Dad,” Liz said embarrassed and blushing furiously. “Don’t listen to a word that comes out of their mouths.”

“Oh let’s get going before Liz goes mad,” James said laughing as everyone else got in the car. He began to get in too before he heard someone say his name. He turned and the smile on his face suddenly disappeared and was replaced by an uncertain expression. “What?” He mumbled incoherently.

“I said,” a pretty girl with shoulder length brown hair and green eyes said as she walked by, “Hope you have a good summer, James.”

“I...” James stammered. “I...thanks. You too.”

“Oh by the way,” she said stopping for a brief second. “I think your hair is quite...interesting.”

“Yeah,” James said. “Yours too.”

The girl looked a little confused, but smiled anyway. “Oh, what’s this Gina was rambling about you and Liz as a couple? She seemed a little distraught by it.”

“What?” James asked looking back and Liz and then back at the girl. “There’s nothing. We’re just friends.”

“Oh don’t be silly, James,” Liz said smiling at the girl. “He really wants to keep it secret. So if you could, don’t tell too many people.”

“She’s kidding,” James said. “I swear.”

“Isn’t he cute?” Liz said smiling widely as she grabbed his arm.

“We’re just friends,” James said shaking Liz off. “She’s like a sister to me. I swear.”

“Ok,” the girl said smiling a little. “Well, I hope you have a terrific summer. See you in the fall.”

"I sure hope so," James said as she girl smiled and walked away. He turned to Liz. "I hate you."

"Sorry," Liz said getting back in the car. "Temporary madness. I'm all better now."

"And who was that?" Ron asked as he pulled out of the parking area and onto the street. "She was cute."

"That," Liz said. "Would be Anne Bradley. "Otherwise know as the girl that James has been head over heel's in love with since our sorting ceremony. Oh how he hated it when she got put into Ravenclaw."

"He was actually mad when he got put into Gryffindor for that sole reason," Mike said laughing.

"So," Ron said looking in the rearview. "What going on with that?"

"Nothing now," James said. "Apparently she thinks I have a girlfriend!"

"She'll get over it," Liz said as she and Mike started laughing.

"Well," Ron asked glancing over to Harry. "With all you've got going for you, why doesn't she fancy you?"

"Because I'm James Potter," James mumbled.

"Come again?" Ron asked.

"She's muggle born," Mike said. "So she didn't know anything about any of this world. When James tried to talk to her...and I do say try because usually he turns into a mess whenever he's around her...people would always say something. She eventually read somewhere about the whole Potter past."

"So," Harry asked a little angered. "What's wrong with the Potter past?"

“Nothing,” James said shaking his head. “It’s just she doesn’t want anything to do with me because of the reporters and the stories and the newspapers. She doesn’t want anything to do with a celebrity.”

“I think she’s coming around,” Liz said.

“I would have thought so too,” James said. “Until your little demonstration...I swear, I’m going to get you back. I’ll make a little call to a certain guy you happen to fancy...”

“You wouldn’t...” Liz said wide eyed.

“Watch me,” James said grinning.

Harry turned to Ron, who was smiling a little as he drove. “Is it always like this?”

“Well,” Ron said. “Add two loud nine year old boys who like to yell and not sit still and then it’s a normal day. Believe it or not, those three really are the best of friends.”

“I wouldn’t doubt it,” Harry said. “Especially our two.”

“Those two...” Ron said sighing. “You’re right.”

“That’s great though,” Harry said. “I mean it’s really great to know that our kids became as close...actually probably closer than the three of us.”

Ron smiled. “It is pretty remarkable.”

Harry smiled as he turned and looked out the window. He thought about everything that had just happened, and found his thoughts drifting back to Malfoy. “I can’t believe he would say that to James.” Harry thought to himself. “I can help you succeed...” Then suddenly, like a ton of bricks, Harry thought of something. Something almost cryptic. How had he not caught it before? Maybe he had been so shocked by the fact that Malfoy would try to convince James of working with him, that he hadn’t realized it.

"You'll end up just like him if you keep this up. Alone and pleading...just like him."

"Malfoy knows something about me," Harry said out loud in a shocking tone.

"Pardon?" Ron said. "What did you just say?"

"He knows something about what happened to me," Harry said slowly.
"He told me himself...!"

A/N: Well, sorry it's taken me a bit longer than usual...Unfortunately, I've been spending time visiting the hospital due to a sudden family issue...so needless to say, the last thing that was on my mind was the story. However, I'm back now, because things are looking up and I'm in a better mood. Why am I in a better mood, you ask? Well, besides the medical change of events...I saw Paul McCartney in concert! Not once, but twice!! Now some of you are probably thinking..."Well that's nice." but for me that was a lifetime in the making! I absolutely adore him and the Beatles...they are the greatest...!!!! (In fact I have them playing the background as I type this!) So therefore, I feel inspired...so I shall update. Enjoy.

"Harry," Ron said looking in the rear view at the kids in the back, who were all preoccupied with something one was saying. "What are you getting at?"

"He said something about me ending up just like him," Harry said quietly. "Since he thought I was James, he was trying to convince me to let him help me. When I told him to bug off, he said that I'd end up pleading and alone just like him. Him meaning me."

Ron looked straight out at the road, as if to be pondering what Harry had just said. "I knew it. I knew he would have something to do with it. I mean whenever something is off, he always has something to do with it. What though? What exactly does he have to do with it?"

"I don't know," Harry said. "But I'll be damn sure to find out."

"We better talk about this when we get back," Ron continued. "It's probably better not to tell everyone quite yet."

"Ok," Harry said as they sat for the remainder of the drive staring out the window. After a little while they arrived back at home.

"Home, sweet, home," James said getting out of the car and staring up at the house.

"You're telling me," Mike said as he pulled his truck out of the car. "I'll come by later."

“See you later then,” Liz said as she and James lugged their trunks into the house. “Hello? Anyone home? Mum?”

“She probably went to get the boys,” Ron said checking his watch.

“Food, food, food, food...” James started mumbling continuously as he headed off to the kitchen.

“Hey,” Ron said. “Hermione’s making a big dinner for tonight and she’ll kill me if I let you spoil your appetite.”

“Mmmph...?” James came out asking with his mouth full of cookies.

Ron took a deep breath. “I give up. If she asks, just tell her you ate too many sweets on the train.”

“So Harry,” Liz said collapsing on the sofa. “Have you learned a lot since you’ve gotten back?”

“Unfortunately,” Harry said. “A little more than I need...”

“Oh,” Liz said deep in thought. “What did Malfoy say to you at the station? I saw him whisper something to you.”

“Liz,” Ron said walking over. “Why don’t you go and eat sweets with James?”

Liz looked at her father a little skeptically. “I’ve seen him eat sweets before.”

“I wasn’t asking you to take notes,” Ron said shaking his head. “I just thought that maybe you were hungry.”

“Not really,” Liz said shrugging.

“Well,” Ron said. “Why don’t you go and keep James company?”

“He’s a big boy,” Liz said. “I think he can handle the cookie jar by himself.” She paused. “You know, if I didn’t know any better, I would think you were trying to get rid of me.”

"Don't be silly," Ron said. "I'm merely suggesting that since your brothers will be home soon..."

"I'm going, I'm going," Liz said standing up and walking off to the kitchen.

"Subtle," Harry said almost laughing at Ron.

"You said yourself," Ron said shrugging. "I've never been very good at that sort of thing."

"What could Malfoy have meant," Harry said plopping down in Liz's vacant spot. He stared up at the ceiling. "How was Malfoy acting around the time of my disappearance? Do you remember?"

"No," Ron said distantly. "To this day, if I even see his name in the paper I'll throw it out. I know you and Hermione dealt with him from time to time before you went missing. You'll have to ask her."

"I guess so," Harry said still staring up at the ceiling.

"Looks like we're having chicken," James said appearing out of the kitchen with two handfuls of cookies. Liz followed behind him slowly nibbling on a cookie. "It's sitting in there."

"You think you're going to be hungry after all that?" Harry asked.

"He's a bottomless pit," Liz said sitting down next to her dad.

"I'm a growing boy," James said smiling.

"With a big mouth," Liz said smiling.

James just rolled his eyes and began to say something before they suddenly saw the front door open.

"Hey," Hermione said coming in. "Look whose back!"

"Hi mum," Liz said standing up and going over to hug her mother.

“Elizabeth?” Hermione said taking a step back to look at her. “You straightened your hair?”

“Just a spell,” Liz said sighing. “I like it.”

“It’s lovely,” Hermione said smiling. “It’s lovely to see you and have you home!” She turned and looked at James. “James, sweetheart, how are you?”

“Good,” James said standing up and coming over to hug Hermione.

“And what did you do to your...” She stopped as if completely in shock, and stared at the top of James’s head. “Oh James, what on earth happened to your hair?”

“We got in a fight,” James said grinning slyly. “Decided it was best to split up and see other people. I don’t know about you, but I think it’ll come crawling back.”

“Oh James,” Hermione said in a very motherly tone while she playfully hit his arm. “Seriously? You always had such lovely, thick hair.”

“I know,” James said. “It’s just hair, it’ll grow back. Mike, Paul, and I just got bored yesterday because all our stuff was packed. Paul found an extra razor and thought it would be a laugh to shave someone’s head, and I volunteered. There you have it.”

“Thought it would be a laugh?” Hermione said as she glanced to Ron and Harry. “Did you all used to do that?”

“Not that I can remember,” Harry said smiling.

“We did turn Neville’s hair purple once,” Ron said thinking back. “While he was sleeping. Seamus finally got fed up with all the snoring and decided to play a little prank.”

“Honestly,” Hermione said shaking her head. “I will never understand boys.”

“Speaking of boys,” Liz said. “Where are they?”

“Coming,” Hermione said. “They stopped to pet a little dog that we saw on the walk home.” As she said this, the two little bundles of energy came flying through the door.

“Liz! James!” Conner screamed as he leapt into his sister’s arms. Aiden doing the same thing to James.

“God,” James said looking at Liz. “They’ve gotten bigger!”

“You’ve had to have grown a good few inches,” Liz said looking at her brother.

“Three and a half,” Ron said. “They’re the tallest in their class. They’ve got the Weasley height.”

“You know I have tall people in my family as well,” Hermione said smiling as she walked off to the kitchen. “We’re having an early dinner tonight. Is that all right with everyone?”

“Uggg...” James mumbled. “I wasn’t really hun...” He stopped when he caught glimpse of the evil look Ron was giving him. “I mean, yeah sure what are we having?”

“Hermione,” Ron called after her. He gave Harry a look as if to tell him to follow him. “Hey Aiden, Conner...wouldn’t you love to hear about what Liz and James learned this year?”

“Yeah!” Aiden and Conner yelled out as James and Liz groaned slightly.

“Dad,” Liz said. “I just got home. The last thing I want to think about is school.”

“Right,” Ron said. “Tell them about that one charm. They’d love to hear that.”

“What charm?” James asked, but before he knew it the two young boys were asking a million questions and Ron and Harry had walked off into the kitchen.

“Will you guys grab the plates?” Hermione asked pointing.

“So we saw Fred at the station,” Ron said calmly. “Well, I did. Harry was hiding.”

Hermione laughed. “It’s probably better that way. What did he have to say?”

“The usual,” Ron said as he tried to nick a piece a of chicken, only to have Hermione slap his hand. “George and Maggie are going on holiday again.”

“Again?” Hermione said. “Didn’t they just go on...”

“Yup,” Ron said.

“My...” Hermione said shrugging as she bent over to get something out of the oven. “Well, all this is definitely good for George. He was so miserable before he met her.”

“Uh-huh,” Ron said a he popped a piece of chicken in his mouth. “We saw a few other people down there as well.”

“Really?” Hermione said looking at Harry. “Who else?”

“Oliver Wood,” Harry said shrugging. Hermione made a face.

“And Draco Malfoy,” Ron said looking directly at his wife.

Hermione stopped what she was doing and swung around to face Ron and Harry. “What? What was he doing at Kings Cross? He doesn’t have any children, does he?”

“I sure hope not,” Ron said making a face. “Can you imagine more Malfoys?” He shuddered.

"I'm sure he was just passing though," Harry said. "Had a few interesting things to say to Ron and myself."

"He knew who you were?" Hermione said as her eyes widened.

"Not exactly," Harry said. "He thought I was James."

"And what did he say to you?" Hermione asked sternly.

"Said something about me being able to escape this," Harry said gesturing around the room. "Said that he could make me successful."

"That's a load of crap!" Hermione said in an outraged manner. "How dare he!"

"Oh," Ron said going over and standing next to Hermione. "It gets better..."

"Then after I declined his ever prestigious offer," Harry continued. "He told me that I was just like him. Him meaning me of course. That I would end up alone and pleading, just like him."

Hermione dropped the bowl she was holding, and Ron, as if he knew she was going to drop it, caught it nonchalantly. She didn't say a word and just stared at Harry.

"Ummmm," Harry said shifting awkwardly. "So Ron and I have reason to believe that he knows something about what happened to me concerning my disappearance..."

"Actually," Ron said as he went back to sneaking pieces of chicken. "Ron feels that he has everything to do with Harry's disappearance. Just as he has for the past six years."

Hermione still just stood there in silence.

"So..." Harry said. "Ron said that you and future me had a few run ins with Malfoy, so maybe we could figure out some sort of link. We could always retrace records and see where Malfoy was on the day of my

disappearance and..." Harry stopped when he was suddenly interrupted.

"That twisted psycho!!" Hermione screamed. "What the hell is wrong with him!! I mean I always suspected, but I would have thought that a man with that much to loose would do something so stupid while he was in the public eye!!!!"

"Hermione," Ron said trying to clam her down. "Don't yell, you'll scare..."

"What going on in here?" James said rushing in, followed by Liz and the boys.

"Nothing!" Hermione said handing Liz and James each a bowl of food as she headed out to the dining room. "Not a thing! It's time for dinner!"

"Has mum gone mad?" Aiden asked looking up at his father.

"I really don't know," Ron said glancing at Harry.

"Here," Liz said handing her little brothers some plates. "Let's go and set the table."

"Set it right," Conner said elbowing his brother. "Or else mum might flip."

"Don't talk about your mum like that," Ron said. "She just found out some rather...absurd news. She'll calm down. She's just upset."

"Come on," Liz gestured to her little brothers and she looked nervously at her dad.

Hermione was sitting at the dinner table sipping quickly on a glass of wine. Liz sat down next to her and smiled widely.

"I'm fine, sweetheart." Hermione said back in her normal tone. "I just can't believe..." She looked at Harry. "We'll discuss that later."

“Good idea,” Ron said sitting down and helping Conner with his napkin. “So, Liz and James, what’s new at Hogwarts?”

“Nothing,” they both mumbled slowly as they helped themselves to food.

“Nothing at all?” Hermione asked. “I hardly believe that. How about Quidditch season, James? How did that turn out?”

“Ravenclaw took the cup,” James said seemingly interested in the conversation. “Telli Ryan beat Lindsey Spinnet to the snitch in the last few seconds of our last game. Good season though if you ask me. We’ll take it next year, now that we can get a good keeper...”

“Dan Wood was an excellent keeper,” Liz said as she cut her chicken up. “You would have had an undefeated season if it weren’t for that game. Just because he had that one bad day...”

“Liz,” James said. “Just because you happen to fancy the kid, doesn’t make him any better a person...”

“You fancy Daniel Wood?” Ron said suddenly.

“That would be Oliver’s...” Harry began to ask.

“Youngest son,” Hermione said. “I believe he just graduated as head boy?”

“Yes,” James said rolling his eyes.

“I do not,” Liz said glaring at James as if trying to burn a hole through his skull.

“You do too,” James said smiling widely. “You told me!”

“Does Mike know about this?” Ron said smiling.

“No,” James said. “Mike and Dan don’t get along, so she’s always been afraid to tell him.”

"They don't get along?" Hermione asked. "Why not? When I met them, I found Dan to be quite quiet and kept mainly to himself."

"Because," James said. "I mean he gets along fine with Drew and Diana, but him and Dan are so close in age. When Oliver found out about Mike, it took away from Dan's precious attention. He's a right prat to Mike if you ask me."

"He is not," Liz said interjecting.

"He is too," James said. "Always thought he was so much better than Mike. He lets him know too. You aren't around at Quidditch practice, Liz."

"He's not like that," Liz said. "He's really clever, and very nice..."

"If you don't fancy him then why are you trying to defend him?" James asked.

"I just don't want you to talk badly about..." Liz began.

"Anyway," James said. "We lost our last game because he was, as Liz said, having a bad day. Broke up with his girlfriend or something and was letting it get to him. Ruined it for the rest of us."

"Well," Hermione said. "That's too bad."

"Wait," Harry asked. "Are you telling me that on the Gryffindor team, there was a Wood, Bell, Spinnet, and Potter?" Harry laughed. "All we need is two Weasley's and a Johnson and we'd have my original Quidditch team."

"Well," James said. "One other Weasley now."

"Why?" Ron asked. "Who...?"

"Jeff," James said smiling. "He's going to be our new keeper."

"That's wonderful!" Hermione said smiling. "So there you go Harry, a Weasley and a Johnson."

"How funny," Harry said. "What do you all play?"

"I'm chaser," James said. "Along with Nicole Wilkes and Jake Thomas. Mike and Paul Gleason are beaters. They're going to suffer quite the loss after next year. Lindsey Spinnett is our seeker, Jeff will be the new keeper...much to Oliver's disappointment."

"Oh don't start," Liz said.

"Seriously," James said. "He expected Mike to give up his beater position to be a keeper. I mean he's a killer keeper, but he's also a great beater. Mike plays every position like a pro. As much of a bugger his dad is, he's an amazing Quidditch player, and if anything, taught Mike well. Anyway, since Drew Wood was keeper when I started school, and Dan picked up right after, Mike never had the chance to be a keeper. Now Oliver thinks he should."

"That man is obsessed with Quidditch," Ron said. "Never let's up."

"So," James continued. "Mike's captain instead. Oliver insists that even his illegitimate children are captains."

"James Potter!" Hermione said. "I don't like him either after what he did to Katie, but we won't speak like that at the table."

"Sorry," James said.

"Anyway," Liz said finally speaking up. "If James is done, we can talk about other things."

"Such as?" Ron asked looking at his daughter.

"Well, like I asked earlier" Liz said turning to Harry. "What did Minister Malfoy say to you at Kings Cross?"

Harry looked at Ron and then at Hermione. Not knowing what to say.

"Knowing Malfoy," James said. "Probably something odd..."

“How true,” Hermione said trying to steer the conversation elsewhere.

“It was definitely odd,” Harry said. “It’s not a big deal though...”

“Let me guess,” James said putting his silverware down. “Thinking you were me, he tried to persuade you to let him help you.”

“How would you know...?” Ron began to asked.

“Because,” James said. “It’s all he ever says to me...”

“What?” Hermione asked. “What do you mean it’s all he ever says to you?”

“When does he say this to you?” Ron asked

“Since when have you ever spoken to Malfoy?” Liz said. “You told me that you’ve never met him. He even said that he hadn’t seen you since you were a little boy...”

“Calm down,” James said looking around the table in disbelief. “I didn’t know that this would be such a big deal. I mean if I didn’t know any better I would think that you all were purposely trying to keep me away from him.”

“You’re bloody right we are!” Ron said looking from James to Harry. “I mean with all this business of him wanting to help you...I mean...”

“I don’t pay it any attention,” James said. “I usually just ignore the owls and what not.”

“Owls?” Liz asked.

“Well,” James said. “It started sometime last year. Right before 5th year when we were in Diagon Alley. You remember?”

“Yes,” Liz said nodding. “But I still don’t see what that has to do with owls.”

“You went off to some shop,” James said. “I went into Quality Quidditch Supplies when this guy came up to me and asked if I was James Potter.”

“You didn’t say you were?” Harry asked.

“I didn’t know that I was in hiding,” James said sounding a little taken aback. “I just looked at him and asked who was asking.”

“And?” Hermione said.

“He said something about an old friend,” James said. “I didn’t believe him really so I just tried to ignore him. Strange bloke really. Dressed from head to toe in black, and even his hair and eyes were black. Rather odd. Anyway, I tried to ignore him, but he just kept following me. He was asking questions about where I was living and what not. He was really nosey as hell...”

“James said a bad word,” Aiden said suddenly.

“Shut up Aiden,” Hermione, Ron, Harry, and Liz all said in unison.

“What does it matter,” James said shrugging. “I mean they just ask a bunch of questions and then leave me be. I never knew they had a connection with the ministry until I got an owl at school one day. The Minister of Magic would love to make your acquaintance upon his visit to Hogwarts...blah blah...a bunch of rubbish.”

“And you went to meet him?” Hermione asked with nervousness in her voice.

“No,” James said stiffly. “Why would I want to meet him? I mean after all the things you’ve ever said about him and what dad used to say. I had no desire.”

“I can’t believe...” Ron said. “Did McGonagall know about this?”

“No,” James said still a bit taken aback. “I really didn’t think it was anything to worry about. I mean the letters were almost always the same. First they were very formal, like ‘from the desk of the Minister of Magic,’ and then suddenly they were from him personally. Those were the ones that said things about him being able to help me to become great. I just thought it was because I was head of my class. You know like a honor thing that the Minister takes and interest in you because you’re clever...”

“Malfoy really could care less about your intellect,” Hermione said. “It’s your last name he’s after...”

“What?” James said slowly. “What does that have to do with...”

“James,” Harry said. “Would today have been the first time you came face to face with Malfoy?”

“Yes,” James said.

Harry shook his head. “Haven’t you ever thought about the connection between Malfoy and your father’s...I mean, my disappearance?”

“I’ve thought about a lot of possible scenarios,” James said looking at Harry strangely. “More than anyone out there I’m sure.”

“But don’t you think that Malfoy is a strong candidate?” Harry asked.

“Should he be?” James asked. Harry could tell instantly that James had been sheltered from a lot of information throughout the past six years. Either that or he knew so much that he just chose not to believe it.

“Of course he should be,” Harry said looking at Ron and Hermione. “Don’t you all talk about this with him.”

Ron and Hermione both seemed a little hesitant to answer that question. Almost as if they knew that they were slightly at fault for not talking about this with James, and for making it a purpose to shield her from Malfoy.

“Oh dear god,” Harry said standing up. “James, today at the station, he said, and I quote, ‘You’ll end up just like him. Alone and pleading just like him.’”

“Him meaning?” James asked. Harry knew by the look in James’s eyes that he knew the answer to that question. He just didn’t want to believe it.

“Me,” Harry said sympathetically.

“He said that?” Liz asked as James suddenly started staring at the floor. “He actually said that?”

“Yes,” Harry said. “Now if that isn’t a red flag I don’t know what is. Now James, I don’t mean to say that it’s affirmative or anything, but it’s definitely something to think about...”

“Excuse me,” James said standing up and walking away from the table. Harry watched as he quickly disappeared up the stairs.

“I can’t believe he never told me,” Liz said quietly. “Never even mentioned it. He tells me everything.”

“Liz,” Hermione said. “Right now really isn’t the time to get on him because he neglected to tell you something.”

“That’s a pretty important something,” Ron said. “Something that he should have told us.”

“Why would he have had a second thought,” Hermione said looking at Ron. “Harry was right when he said that we never talk about it with him. I mean he didn’t know that we didn’t want him messing about with Malfoy.”

“May I be excused?” Liz asked.

“No,” Ron said. “Finish your dinner.”

“I’m not hungry,” Liz said. “Plus, I want to go and see...”

“Leave James alone right now,” Hermione said. “You can go and talk to him in a minute.”

“Fine,” Liz said crossing her arms and leaning back in a slight huff.

“Does that mean,” Conner began. “That the man from the newspaper is the reason that James’s dad is missing?”

“We don’t know,” Ron said. “If we knew the man who was responsible for Harry’s disappearance this would have all been over several years ago.”

“I’m going to go talk to him,” Liz said jumping up impatiently.

"I'm coming," Harry said standing up. "I'm damned and determined to make things better before I go back to my time. I'm going to figure out what happened to me."

Liz just nodded as the both walked upstairs and knocked on James's door.

"James?" Liz asked. "Can we come in?" There was no answer.

"James?" Liz asked as she opened his door. The room was dark and empty. James was nowhere to be found.

"Where did he go?" Harry asked.

"Out," Liz said walking over to his window and pulling the curtain back to show that the window was open. "He does this from time to time."

"What?" Harry said walking over and looking out the window and seeing that they were at least fifteen feet off the ground. "He jumps?"

"Well," Liz said looking out into the sky. "He is a wizard, Harry."

"When will he be back?" Harry asked.

"I don't know," Liz said sitting down on James's bed. "He was doing so well lately. I mean he used to have these depressive moments that were just so heartbreaking. Lately he was nothing but smiles and laughs."

Harry just looked around the room. His eyes landed on the notebook that he had seen from his first day here. He walked over and picked it up and came and sat down next to Liz.

"What are you doing with that?" Liz asked.

Harry didn't answer her, instead he just opened the book up and pulled out an article. The headline read, "THE BOY WHO LIVED: MISSING." He began to read.

"THE BOY WHO LIVED: MISSING" -Algium Creekson; DP Daily Correspondent

LONDON- Harry Potter has spent most of his life in the public eye as the "Boy Who Lived." He has saved the day on countless occasions throughout his entire life, and his run ins with the former Dark Lord were not limited to just that fateful October 31st night. Beside being a hero, everyone felt that they knew Harry Potter. He was the valiant soldier and a fighter for the rights of the common people. He was very public with his views towards the Ministry and anything having to do with what he stood for. However, as public as he was with his political ideals and occupational lectures, he was also kept an extremely tight lipped private life, and an even tighter lip on anything having to do with his son, 10 year old James.

The public was shocked, yet pleased to find out that Harry had had a son, yet Harry shielded his son from the lime light at all costs. In an interview conducted several years ago, Harry was quoted as saying, "If you have anything to ask me about my views on the Ministry's actions towards the treatment of war prisoners, then feel free to ask. However, any questions about my son or who his mother is, then you might as well not ask, because they will not be answered."

With the unfortunate and recent disappearance of Harry Potter, many witches and wizards are thought to be asking about what has happened to the young Potter, who as of next year will be starting Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. "James is in good hands," said a spokesman. "He is being taken care of, yet his whereabouts are not going to be disclosed for safety reasons." What about James Potter though? How is this little boy handling this horrific situation and what are those he cares about telling him concerning the whereabouts of his father?

The mysterious circumstances surrounding this disappearance has got the entire wizarding world on the lookout for the famous face. "This is a terrible situation," Minister of Magic Draco Malfoy, and one of Harry Potter political advisories said at a recent press conference. "However, I have full confidence in a successful recovery of Mr. Potter and have no reason to doubt otherwise. In the meantime, I myself believe everyone should keep their eyes and ears open.

For any information on the whereabouts of Harry Potter, please contact the Ministry of Magic.

"Bloody hell," Harry said reading the article. "Malfoy is full of crap."

"Oh his quotes get better," Liz said smugly. "You should read the one about James's life. They do an update on it every two years. Which means that they'll probably be knocking around any time now."

"I'm going to go and look for him," Harry said standing up.

"You'll never find him," Liz said. "None of us has ever been able to find him. He just goes off and comes back after a few hours."

"Yeah," Harry said absently. "Well, apparently I'm pretty good at going and getting lost. So maybe I'll get lucky." Harry turned and walked downstairs.

"How is he?" Hermione asked as she was clearing the table.

"He's left," Harry said. "I'm going to go and find him."

"Oh Harry," Hermione said very startled at hearing he was gone...
"London is so big..."

"I don't care," Harry said not paying attention.

"Well, take Liz with you," Hermione said as Liz came down the stairs.
"If you don't find James she can help you find your way back."

"Yeah all right," Harry glancing at Liz. "You want to come?"

"Yes," Liz said nodding.

"All right," Harry said. "Come on lets go look."

"I'll go get my umbrella," Liz said turning. "It looks like rain."

“Hermione,” Harry said turning to her once Liz had gone upstairs. “I need you to take of work tomorrow.”

“Why?” Hermione asked. Harry noticed that there was a complete expression of nervousness on her face that was extremely uncommon in Hermione.

“We’re going to do some research,” Harry said. “And we’re going to visit Malfoy.”

Hermione just stood there and stared. Harry knew Hermione too well to know that she was fine. There was something on her mind.

“Hermione what the matter?” Harry asked. “There’s something you’re not telling me.”

“What?” Hermione said startled. “I don’t know...I mean I don’t...Oh Harry...”

“Hermione what is it?” Harry said taking a step closer to her. “You can tell me.”

“It’s just...” Hermione said. “I didn’t know that James was getting letters for the past year. I should have known...”

“Its not a big deal,” Harry said calmly. “We’ll figure it all tomorrow, or at we’ll try as hard as we can.”

“No you don’t understand,” Hermione said. “The letters...”

“You can’t blame yourself for it,” Harry said. “I mean you told me that James didn’t know any better...”

“No Harry ,” Hermione said breathing deeply. “It’s just...I mean it made me remember something that I had never remembered before...it had never clicked and I’m kicking myself for not remembering it sooner.”

“What?” Harry asked.

“Harry,” Hermione said near tears. “I don’t know how long exactly it was before you had gone missing when you told me this, but it couldn’t have been more than a year. You had said that some strange man had come up to you and asked you a whole bunch of odd questions one day when you were in Diagon Alley one day...You hadn’t paid it much attention because people are constantly doing that, but something was off about this one.”

“And?” Harry asked.

“Then you told me you kept getting letters...” Hermione said. “Mysterious letters...”

“From Malfoy?” Harry asked.

“No,” Hermione said a little upset. “You didn’t know who they were from. They weren’t threatening or anything. Just mysterious and odd, saying things like, ‘we can make you more powerful.’ You started to just throw them out and not even read them. I don’t know if there’s any connection, Harry, but...” She held back tears. “Then you went missing....”

“Oh god,” Harry said. “And now you think that James...”

“I don’t know what I’d do if he went missing, Harry,” Hermione said as a tear ran down her cheek. “I still can’t handle the fact that you did, if he did...”

“Hermione,” Harry said coming over and hugging her. “Don’t worry. We’ll figure this out.” In Harry’s head though he had just heard something that made his stomach do flip flops. Who were these people and what did they want? “Tomorrow we’ll get answers...even if it kills me.”

Hermione started sobbing. “Harry,” she said between tears. “That’s what I’m afraid of...”

A/N: A few of you seem to want Sirius to join the party...! Well, it's safe to say he will make an appearance, at some point. When...well I'm not quite sure! I love Sirius, so of course he's going to be in the story! I sure as hell didn't kill him off! That's like asking me to kill Ron off...it's just not gonna happen! :) Thanks again for the reviews!

Harry walked out the front door and stared out into the dusky sky. He figured he had about forty-five minutes until the sun set completely. He thought about all Hermione had just said to him, and now more than anything wanted to make sure James was ok.

"Ok Harry?" Liz asked as she watched him stare out into nothing.

"Yeah," he said distantly. "I just have a lot on my mind."

"I can imagine," Liz said taking a step down onto the sidewalk.

"So where should we start?" Harry asked. "Where do you think James would be?"

Liz just stared down the street. "Hard to say. I guess we can just check everywhere."

"All right," Harry said as the two of them started to walk in silence.

"There," Liz said pointing to a nearby house. "I doubt he's there. He'd know it would be the first place we'd look, but maybe he stopped by."

"Whose house...?" Harry began to say before Liz cut him off.

"Mike's," Liz said as they walked up the steps and rang the bell.

"Hey," Mike said opening the door in a pair of plaid pants and no shirt. "What's up?"

"Were you sleeping?" Liz asked looking Mike up and down.

"No," Mike said shrugging. "Why?"

"No reason," Liz said shaking her head. "I just wasn't aware of the fact that you walked around the house half naked."

"I figure it's a treat for the visitors such as yourself," Mike said smiling cheekily as he flexed his muscle.

"Right..." Liz said laughing a little. "James didn't happen to stop by did he?"

"Not recently," Mike said leaning against the door frame. "Why? What happened?"

"Oh he's just gone off again," Liz said. "Harry thought we should come and look for him."

"Oh," Mike said looking out into the street. "You want me to come?"

"No it's ok," Liz said. "You know how James gets, and I'm sure your mum wants to spend some time with you. Plus, I would hate to bother you with having to go and put a shirt on."

"Ha ha, seriously though..." Mike asked as Katie suddenly appeared in the hall behind him.

"I was wondering who it was," Katie said coming over and standing behind Mike. "Hey you two. Glad to be back?"

"Yes," Liz said as Harry just nodded.

"Well that's good," Katie said. "What are you all up to?"

"Just going for a walk," Liz said quickly. "Getting some fresh air and thought we'd come say hi."

"Oh," Katie said smiling as she turned to walk away. "All right then. Well, Mike you need to finish unpacking."

"I know, I know..." Mike said giving Liz and Harry a look. "I guess I'll see you both tomorrow. If I hear anything from him, I'll let you know."

“Thanks,” Liz said smiling as she turned to leave before Katie suddenly came back into the hall.

“I thought you said he cut it?” Katie said coming up and standing next to her son.

“Pardon?” Mike asked confused.

“His hair,” Katie said pointing to Harry. “Didn’t you say James cut all his hair off?”

“Ummm...” Mike said glancing at Harry. “Well...”

“I did,” Harry said. “It just grows back rather quickly. It’s a genetic thing.”

“Yeah...” Katie said distantly. “I remember that with your...” She stopped as if remembering something. “Right, well, I need to get back to my article.”

“We’d better go too,” Liz said smiling at Mike. “Nice seeing you Katie.”

“You too dear,” Katie said smiling as she disappeared into the sitting room.

“Bye,” Liz said as her and Harry made their way down towards the sidewalk.

“Bye,” Mike said waving a little before turning and shutting the door behind him.

“I forgot that you two look different now,” Liz said glancing at Harry. “It’s going to be a bit confusing to explain it to people who’ve seen James first. That was a good save though. Very clever.”

“It’s true,” Harry said he watched a lady struggling with a little dog. “I mean for me it is. Every time I cut my hair it just grows back the next day.”

“Really?” Liz asked. “That’s odd.”

"I suppose," Harry said shrugging a little. "I take it that it's not a genetic thing.."

"Not that I know of," Liz said glancing around. "Come on, let's go this way."

"What's this way?" Harry asked as he followed her.

"Nothing particular," Liz said. "He just has a tendency to always go left."

"What?" Harry asked looking at Liz quizzically.

"James has a tendency to always go left," Liz said as she walked a few steps ahead of Harry.

"How on earth did you know that?" Harry said catching up to her.

"I dunno," Liz said shrugging a little. "Just something you pick up over the years."

"Well," Harry said. "I don't think I've known anyone as long as you've known James, but if I had, I'm almost positive that I wouldn't know which direction they tended to turn."

Liz laughed a little. "Well, I'm just saying that whenever we're given a situation to pick something, James always picks the left side of things. The left side of the table, the left side of the classroom...the left everything. I doubt he even notices, but I think I've noticed more because I'm always on the right side of things."

Harry just stared at Liz before she turned and looked at him. "What?" she asked.

"Nothing," Harry said smiling. "I'm actually surprised that you don't know exactly where he is right now. You seem to know everything else about him."

Liz just stared straight ahead. "We've pretty much spent everyday of our lives together," she began. "I mean not everyday, but a lot of it. And I don't know everything about him, because obviously he doesn't tell me everything..."

"The letters?" Harry asked.

Liz just stared and said nothing. "It's just..." She stopped and looked at Harry. "I mean every time Anne Bradley sneezes or drops her quill, James has no problem telling me, in detail I might add, that she did. Yet, when he get mysterious letters from Draco Malfoy, it slips his mind? It almost makes me angry."

"When she sneezes?" Harry asked.

"Well, not really, but you know what I mean," Liz said sighing. "I mean even if he didn't think they were serious and that they were just for him being clever, don't you think he would have asked me if I was getting them as well?"

"I don't know, but I wouldn't be mad at him," Harry said. "Since you do know him so well, maybe you can figure out where he's coming from."

"I'll never be able to figure out where he's coming from," Liz said as the streetlights came on. She looked around the street as if snapping back into a sense of reality. "Or where he went for that matter."

Harry smiled. Liz was the exact mix of her parents, which Harry found to be extremely refreshing, since he happened to love her parents so much. Her face, features, and frame resembled Hermione to a tee, with the exception of her red hair and her smile. Her smile was definitely Ron's. She had Hermione's cleverness and determined, yet sometimes stubborn nature, but at the same time had Ron's sense of humor and lack of authority for people she couldn't be bothered with. He had noticed that with the way she acted around Oliver Wood and more notably, Malfoy. It was because she reminded him so much of his two best friends, that he found it easy to talk to her.

"You know," Harry said cutting the silence. "I'm somewhat jealous of you."

“Me?” Liz asked. “Why?”

“Just because you know James so well,” Harry said. “I mean I know I’ve only been here a few days, and I won’t be here forever, but there something in me, maybe something paternal, that makes me wish that I knew him even half as well as you did.”

Liz grinned. “It takes a lot of patience,” she said. “He’s not exactly the most vocal person with the way he feels about things. That comes from years of people wanting to talk to him, and him wanting nothing to do with them.”

“Well,” Harry said shrugging as they made yet another left onto a busy shopping street. “I can’t say that I don’t know what he’s going through.”

“I remember the stories you used to tell us when we were little,” Liz said smiling faintly. “Ways you used to play tricks on the press and that one witch from the Triwizard Tournament...”

“Rita Skeeter,” Harry said shaking his head.

“Yes,” Liz said smiling. “You and my dad would always sit us down and tell us all these stories. It’s a good memory I have of you.” She stopped. “I really do miss that.”

Harry glanced at her. “Do you remember me all that well?”

“Of course,” Liz said. “You were always around. When you went missing I was devastated. I just had to be the strong one because of James and what he was going through. You were always like another uncle or such to me. In fact, for most of my childhood, before I knew any better, that’s what I thought you were.”

“Your uncle?” Harry asked laughing.

“Well,” Liz said blushing a little. “On my mum’s side of course. I would never have been able to believe you were on the Weasley side. There’s already enough of them.”

Harry smiled. "I almost feel like apologizing for putting all of you through all this."

"It's all right," Liz said. "Not your fault. It was just really rough. I think the day it hit me the hardest was when James moved in with us and they brought all of his things over. That was the first time I realized that this might be more serious than I thought."

"Well," Harry said. "If it makes you feel any better I have every intention of figuring things out before I go back to my time."

Liz didn't say anything, but Harry could have sworn he saw the slight trace of a smile.

"Do you really think James would be wandering around a muggle shopping district?" Harry asked.

"It'd be the last place anyone would look for him," Liz said staring in the window of a bake shop. "No one knows him in the muggle world. He can be ambiguous."

"There you go again," Harry said. "I guess if I have any questions I want to ask James I should ask you instead."

"He'll warm up to you," Liz said as they looked up and down the street for any signs of James. "It just takes him a little bit. Especially since you are you who are."

"So," Harry said as he tried to find something to talk about. "James really fancies this one girl...? What's her name?"

"Anne Bradley," Liz said. "He's absolutely head over heels for her."

"Really?" Harry asked grinning a little.

"Has been from the first time he ever laid eyes on her," Liz said rolling her eyes. "I mean she is really nice, and clever, and pretty, and...well perfect. Then again this is mainly the words James feeds me. I barely know her."

"You seem to not want to talk about it," Harry said. "Do you not like her?"

"It's not that," Liz said as they left the street and headed down another street. "It's just...well you should ask James about her. He'll talk for hours. Trust me...I just get a little sick of hearing about it."

"Why that?" Harry asked.

"Because..." Liz said shrugging. "He talks about her all the time."

"Is that all?" Harry asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Yeah..." Liz said as she looked at Harry. "Why? What are you trying to get at?"

"Nothing," Harry said shrugging. "I was just making sure..."

"I don't fancy James," Liz said matter of factly. "If that's what your trying to hint at."

"I didn't say a word," Harry said.

"I know," Liz said. "I just want you to know. I hate when people just naturally assume that since we're so close that we're automatically destined to be together."

"You've never thought that? Harry asked. "I mean I could tell you that for a while your parents both would have laughed, very hard I might add, at the mere mention of them ending up together."

"I know," Liz said seriously. "James is honestly like a brother to me. I love him so much, but I'm no where near that kind of love. I mean he lives down the hall. I can see the look on my parents faces if I was to ever tell them that James and I were together." She laughed. "Dad would lock us both away."

"Ron wouldn't do that," Harry said. He stopped and thought. "Then again maybe he would..."

"He would," Liz said. "Trust me...with the exception of one, very very very momentary thought, I've never seen James as anything more than my goofy best friend. Same with Mike, incase you had any ideas about him and I as well."

"One thought, huh?" Harry asked smiling a little.

"Nothing to get excited over," Liz said giving Harry a knowing look. "It was awhile ago too. Temporary loss of sanity really." She laughed. "I can't believe I'm having this conversation with his father."

"I'm not exactly his father yet," Harry said. "I mean technically from what I was told, James turns seventeen next week. I don't turn seventeen until July, so therefore he's even older than I am."

Liz laughed hysterically. "This is one of the most unusual situations ever. How many people can say their older than their father?"

"I'm not sure I want to know," Harry said grinning. "So about this one thought you had for my son?"

"I thought he wasn't your son yet," Liz said as she stopped walking.

"You're changing the subject," Harry said.

"It was back in third year," Liz said taking a defeated breath. "My dorm mates were talking about the boys in Gryffindor since all three of them are good looking and blah blah...well anyway they went from Paul to Mike and then started talking about James. I just had to laugh as I heard them call him things like cute, athletic, and funny. So I left and ran into him a short time later. I told him what they had said and afterwards I just started laughing."

"That's always a good thing," Harry said. "Laughing."

"Anyway," Liz said. "He just looked at me funny and said something like, 'good to know where I stand with you.' When I asked him what that meant..." She stopped. "He just smiled a strange smile and then turned and walked away. I just remember in that moment I thought

something different for him. He just looked different. It was very fleeting I might add. He came back down in the common room later with Mike and Paul talking about how Anne is essentially the perfect girl."

"Well you never know," Harry said as he stared at some of the houses they were walking past.

"Oh I know," Liz said defiantly. "James and I joke about it, but were both pretty clear on our intentions...Hey look over there."

Harry looked in the direction of where Liz was pointing, but didn't see anything but a cat. "What is it?"

"Nothing," Liz said grinning. "Just wanted to see if you'd look."

Harry gave her a look as he watched her stop in front of a house and look up at it. Harry glanced up and saw a red headed girl sitting on the porch with a book.

"Do you know who lives there?" Harry asked stepping up next to her.

"Yeah," Liz said as the little girl looked up and saw them both standing there.

"Liz! James!" the girl said as she stood up and came running down the steps and over to them. Harry noticed that she was a very petite girl with long, red hair that went down to her waist. She couldn't have been older than twelve and smiled widely as she looked at Liz.

"Hi Abby," Liz said smiling.

"Hi," Abby said as she looked at Harry. "I haven't seen you two around here in the longest time."

"It has been awhile," Liz said grinning. "We were just walking through the neighborhood so I thought we'd say hi."

"Come in!" Abby said excitedly.

"We really can't," Liz said. "We need to be getting back..."

"Mum and dad will have your head if they know you stopped by and didn't say hi," Abby said grinning. "Come on! Just for a second?"

Liz looked at Harry. "I suppose for a second..." They all stepped forward and walked up into the house.

"Whose house is this?" Harry whispered to Liz.

"It's..." Liz began to say before she was interrupted by a tall and burly man with dark hair and a mustache that was standing in front of them.

"Well," the man said. "I was wondering who Abby was talking to."

"Hi Uncle Neville," Liz said grinning. "We were just in the neighborhood and thought we'd say hi."

"Well, that's allowed," Neville said as he ushered them in. Harry couldn't take his eyes off Neville though, which caused Neville to give him a very strange look. He was as big as an icebox and Harry didn't doubt that he could possibly have picked one up.

"So how was school?" Neville asked as he sat down in a chair. Thomas was sitting in the corner watching TV and hadn't seem to notice that Liz and Harry even came in.

"Good," Liz said. "Where's Ginny?"

"In the kitchen," Neville said waving his hand in the direction of the kitchen. "She's in one of her moods again."

"Moods?" Harry asked.

"I'll tell you later," Liz whispered barely audible. "Come on James, let's go say hi."

"Ok," Harry said following Liz into the kitchen. Ginny was standing at the sink washing a plate. She was tall and slender with her trademark

long red hair that trailed to the center of her back. She was wearing an apron and didn't seem to notice that they even entered the room.

"Aunt Ginny!" Liz said excitedly as she walked over to her.

"Liz," Ginny said turning around and smiling widely. "What are you doing here..." She stopped when she looked at Harry. He waved awkwardly, not knowing what to do.

"Something the matter?" Liz asked as a look of concern crossed her face. Ginny was intently looking at Harry. As if she had never seen him before.

"No," Ginny said slowly. "It's just..." She turned and looked at Harry. "It's been so long."

"So long?" Liz asked confused. "We all came round at Christmas time..."

"No," Ginny said. "I mean it's just been so long since I've seen those eyes."

"Well..." Liz said awkwardly as if trying to change the subject. "I mean James is just growing a bit and..."

"Liz sweetie," Ginny said as tears welled up in her eyes. "That's not James. That is without a doubt Harry..."

Liz and Harry's eyes both widened in surprise. Harry stared back at Ginny, and only one thought crossed his mind. No one else knew and the ones that did hadn't said anything. "How on earth did she know...?"

A/N: Well, sorry its taken me so long to update. I've had a bit of writer block, when it came to starting this chapter. So I sat and sat...then I sat some more...and well forced myself to write it. So here it is..!

Liz stood there and stared at her aunt with a look of astonishment in her eyes. "Ummm...Aunt Gin, if you don't mind me asking, how did you know that was Harry?"

Harry glanced at Ginny who blushed a little. He reached up to see if his hair was parted so that one could see his scar, but it wasn't.

"Well," Ginny said as she sat down at the kitchen table. "It's just...I mean Harry has always been so near and dear to me. I spent my childhood staring at that face. How could I ever forget it." She turned and faced Liz. "I don't know if your parents ever told you, but I happened to quite fancy Harry when we were younger."

Now it was Harry's turn to blush, although he wasn't sure why. He had always known that fact. It was just something about Ginny being so much older than him that made his cheeks tint a pale pink.

"Well," Liz said sitting down next to her. "They told James and I that you two dated for a stint, but I never knew it was a long term interest."

"Well," Ginny said as she turned back to look at Harry. She opened her mouth to say something, but suddenly stopped and smiled. Harry suddenly saw the Ginny her used to remember with that smile. "It was very true. It's so wonderful to see you Harry. Look at you...just as you were."

"Yeah," Harry said laughing nervously. "Everyone else has changed a bit though."

"I remember when this entire situation was reverse," Ginny said distantly. "When it was your mum."

Harry smiled. "I don't know which side I like being on more to be honest with you."

Ginny just stared through misty eyes. "I've missed you so much, Harry. I can't even tell you how difficult it's been with you..." She stopped suddenly, as if she realized she was beginning to say too much.

"It's ok," Liz said. "He knows everything."

"Oh god," Ginny said with a small sob. "It's just been so hard."

"Ginny," Harry said sitting down next to her. "I'm here now, that's all that matters. I'll get things figured out." Ginny smiled as Neville suddenly came into the room and surveyed the scene.

"Oh no," Neville said giving her Ginny a knowing look. "Dear, you really need to learn to control yourself around James..."

"Control herself? Harry whispered to Liz as Ginny stood up to grab a tissue.

"She has a tendency to cry whenever James is around," Liz whispered. "Mum said that she gets in these depressive stints, or moods, every so often because of the whole you missing thing. You two were still very close friends when you left, and to be honest, my mum doesn't think she ever really got over you."

"Your mum told you that?" Harry asked.

"We're very close," Liz said smiling. "My dad doesn't think she should put these sort of things in my head."

"What sort of things?" Ginny said sitting back down next to Liz.

"Nothing," Liz said trying to avoid the topic. "So Neville, how are things at work?"

"Ugggg..." Neville said as he walked out of the kitchen.

"He's in no mood to talk about it," Ginny said making a face. "Things have been difficult lately..."

"What do you mean?" Liz asked looking at Harry.

"Oh it's nothing," Ginny said unconvincingly. "There are more important matters to press right now." She turned to Harry. "I can't believe that Hermione and Ron didn't tell me."

"We really didn't want too many people to know," Harry said.

"It doesn't matter," Ginny said pushing the hair out of her face. "It's just been so difficult without you and not knowing anything..." She paused. "What does James think of all this?"

"I wish he'd tell me," Harry said shrugging.

"What do you mean?" Ginny asked.

"He's still getting used to all of this," Liz said sighing. "Things have been...odd lately."

"Odd?" Ginny asked. "Odd how?"

Liz and Harry proceeded to tell Ginny all about Draco Malfoy and their meeting at Kings Cross, the letters, and James disappearing.

"I can't believe it," Ginny said. "Malfoy still acts like the fourteen year old child he always was." She stood up and walked over to the refrigerator. "So you have no idea where James is?"

"Nope," Harry said. "Not the slightest clue. Liz says he does this often, but I really can't just sit around at home knowing he's out there and things are going on."

"We really should go and look for him," Liz said checking the clock on the wall. "Before it gets too late."

"Right," Harry said standing up. "Well Ginny, it has been wonderful seeing you."

"Oh Harry," Ginny said. "There's no way you'd know how much this visit has meant to me." She walked over and hugged him.

Liz smiled. She noticed the look in Ginny's face almost didn't want to let go of him. "You know," Liz began. "You should really come by the house tomorrow evening for dinner. Mum and dad would love to see you, as would the boys."

Ginny just stood silently for a moment before glancing at Harry. "You know, I just might....no in fact I will."

"Great," Liz said smiling. "I can't wait to tell them." She turned to Harry. "You ready to continue to the search?"

"Might as well," Harry said smiling a little as he glanced at Ginny. "See you tomorrow."

Ginny didn't say a word. She just smiled, but that smile was enough. As he said goodbye to Neville and Liz's cousins, he couldn't help but think about Ginny's reaction to him. Harry always knew that his friends cared about him, but lately he was seeing just how much he had meant to them.

"It's dark," Harry said looking out into the now night sky.

"Watch James have already gone back," Liz said heavily. "I can really only think of one other place that he would have gone."

"Where's that?" Harry asked.

"Come on," Liz said pointing to a nearby wooded area. "It's just on the other side over there."

Harry and her started walking in that direction, but Harry hadn't noticed that he was completely lost in thought to the point that he almost hit a pole.

"Watch it," Liz said grabbing him and pulling him out of the way. "You didn't even see that there, did you?"

"No," Harry said shaking his head. "No I didn't."

“What are you thinking about?” Liz asked looking at Harry concerned.

“Everything,” Harry said as a cold wind blew down the street. “All my friends and everything going on here.”

“I see,” Liz said nodding slowly. “My aunt sure was excited to see you. I mean she tends to get emotional when she sees James or when you’re brought up, but that was the biggest display of emotion on that subject that I’ve ever seen. In fact, I’ve only ever seen her get more upset about one other thing.”

“What’s that?” Harry asked.

“Right before the twins were born,” Liz said. “My grandmum and Ginny were throwing my mum a shower and my grandmum started telling a story about how difficult it was to deliver my uncles Fred and George. She began to say that all the births of her children had been so simple with the exception of them and...” Liz stopped and looked at Harry. “Then she stopped. As if she never wanted to finish the sentence. I never knew what was going on, but my mum tried her hardest to change the subject, and aunt Ginny just burst into tears.”

“I don’t get it,” Harry asked.

“Well,” Liz said. “I asked my mum why Ginny was so upset, and she said that it reminded her of someone who was no longer around. I didn’t find out until a few years later that it was my uncle Percy she was talking about. Turns out that it was the anniversary of his death the following day and Ginny was already on edge about it. I never knew him...”

“So I’ve heard,” Harry said as they began to walk into the wooded area.

“Did you know him?” Liz asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said. “Your dad, Fred, and George used to make fun of him for being a perfectionist and such a stickler to the rules.”

“We’re not allowed to talk about him,” Liz said heavily. “I brought it up once at Christmas when the whole family was around, simply because I wanted some answers. I don’t think I have ever seen a room get so quiet. My mum and my uncle Charlie sat me down and explained it all to me. I didn’t know he ended up doing something so terrible...”

“He wasn’t a terrible person though,” Harry said suddenly. “I mean he was a bit of a stiff, but he really was a good person deep down.”

Liz smiled. “Well, that’s good to know. I always thought that if he hadn’t cracked that him and I may have gotten along.”

“I’m sure you would have,” Harry said as he saw a break in the trees. “He wasn’t a horrible person. Just a bit misguided.”

Liz quickly made her way ahead and stopped once she got through the trees. Harry followed suit and saw now what Liz had been referring to. It was a large Quidditch pitch.

“Wow,” Harry said.

“It’s invisible to muggles,” Liz said as she looked around. Harry could see a father teaching his young son how to fly off in the center of the pitch and a group of guys packing up equipment.

“I don’t see him,” Harry said.

“It was worth a shot,” Liz said as she scanned the field one last time. “Him and Mike spend a lot of time down here so I thought that it was possible...”

“HEADS UP!” a voice yelled from behind them. Liz and Harry turned and ducked just in time to see a bludger screaming past them.

“What the...?” Liz asked looking up to see a tall guy running up to them.

“Sorry,” he said as he approached. “We were putting it away and it sort of got loose.”

"It's ok," Liz said standing up and looking to see who it was.

"Do I know you?" the guy said looking at Liz. Liz immediately knew who it was however. Andrew Wood.

"Yeah," Liz said blushing a little as Harry stood up. "I knew you when you were at Hogwarts. You were the 5th year prefect who helped us the year I started."

"Oh," Andrew said smiling a little. "That was awhile ago. What's your name?"

"Liz Weasley," Liz said."

"Are you related to Ellie?" He asked.

"Yes," Liz said. "She's my cousin."

"Really?" he said smiling a little. "So Charlie's your uncle?"

"Yes," Liz said still blushing.

"Well then," he said nodding. "You'll have to tell him I said hi. Ellie was in my class and we dated for a while. Your uncle was always playing Quidditch with us."

Liz nodded. Harry noticed that she really seemed interested in Andrew's face.

"You're not James though," Andrew said turning to Harry.

Liz snapped back into reality. "What?" she asked startled.

"He's not James," Andrew said nodding towards Harry. "You look just like him though. The resemblance is bloody remarkable."

"Well," Liz asked searching for something to say. "You would be one of the first people who didn't mistake him for James."

"I probably would have had he not just been here," Andrew said as he looked at Harry. "Drew Wood, and you are?"

"Uhhh..." Harry said racking his brain. He obviously couldn't introduce himself as Harry, since everyone in the wizarding world knew him. So he said the first name that came to him. "I'm Neville."

"Nice to meet you Neville," Drew said nodding politely. "You related to James?"

"We're like 3rd cousins or something," Harry lied. "Did you say he was here?"

"Yeah," Drew said. "My brother Dan and some friends decided to come out here and play. He came by a little bit later and asked if he could join us. He seemed a bit preoccupied though, because his game was off. We used to be on the house team together at Hogwarts. You just missed him really."

"Damn," Harry said.

"He's gone back then," Liz said looking at Harry.

"How do you kno..." He stopped when he realized what he was saying.

"I just know," Liz said smiling. "We'd better get back to the house." She turned towards Drew. "It was nice talking to you."

"You too," Drew said flashing his million dollar smile. "Give your uncle and Ellie my regards."

"I will," Liz said slowly as he turned as walked back towards where he had come from.

"You know," Harry said. "You might want to blink..."

"You sound like James," Liz said shooting Harry a look. "Come on, we'd better get back. Mum will worry."

“All right,” Harry said as he let Liz lead the way back towards Ron and Hermione’s. “How far a walk is it?”

“Only a few blocks,” Liz said. “Harry can I ask you a question?”

“Of course,” Harry asked.

“Do you think that Malfoy is behind your disappearance?” Liz asked.

“I think Malfoy always has something to do with bad things that happen to me,” Harry said shrugging.

“What are you going to do then?” Liz asked. “I mean I heard you ask my mum to take off work and what not.”

“I’m not exactly sure yet,” Harry said sighing. “I know your parents and I can think of something. I just have this sinking feeling that I was brought here for a reason, and this is it. I know I’m going to be able to do something about it.”

Liz stopped walking and looked nervously at Harry. “What happens if you find out that you’re...you know?”

“Dead?” Harry asked.

“Yeah,” Liz said slowly.

“Well,” Harry said breathing deeply. “It’ll be closure won’t it?”

“It’ll be hell,” Liz said. “James will be crushed. I know he still believes that you’re out there. He won’t say it, but I know it.”

Harry looked at Liz. “I hope for everyone’s sake, especially James’s, that I am. I don’t know what to believe though. I mean if I’ve been missing for almost seven years now, then where I have I been?”

“I wish I knew,” Liz said.

“I’m going to find out,” Harry said as they started walking. “I have nothing to loose and everything to gain.”

"I wish it was that simple for everyone," said a voice. They both stopped as James stepped out of an alley and appeared in front of them.

"James," Liz said walking up to him. "How long were you standing there?"

"Long enough," James said staring down at her. "Out for a stroll?"

"Looking for you," Liz said adamantly. "We were worried."

"I can take care of myself," James said coolly.

"Still," Harry said. "It's not safe to be out and about right now."

"Why?" James said. "What's changed?"

"James," Harry said. "We don't know what's going on. It'd just be better if you were careful and didn't go running off in the night."

James just glared at Harry. Harry didn't know how to react, but that fact that Liz was slowly backing away from him was not exactly a comforting sign. James looked upset about something, and the look he was giving Harry was not exactly reassuring.

"And who are you to tell me what I can and cannot do?" James said very slowly. Harry just stared back, unaware of what to say back.

"James..." Liz said slowly. "He just cares about you..."

"He doesn't even know me," James said turning his glare on Liz. "How the hell can he care if he doesn't even know me!"

"James," Liz said defensively. "I don't what's gotten into you. He's your father..."

"HE'S NOT MY FATHER!!" James screamed loudly as Harry and Liz both jumped back. "He may be it one day, but he sure as hell isn't

right now! My father went off one day and he never came back, or haven't you read the papers?"

"James..." Liz said with a touch of nervousness in her voice. "I don't understand..."

"What don't you understand?" James yelled. "My father is missing! My father hasn't made contact with me in seven years! My father apparently doesn't give a damn!"

"You know that's not true," Liz said in shock as Harry just stared gawk jawed.

"What else am I suppose to believe?" James yelled as he threw a rock very hard at the ground. "If my father is still alive then I'm suppose to just forgive him for abandoning me for seven years!? For not giving a damn about what happened to me?!"

"James..." Liz said looking him in the eye. "You're scaring me. You've never acted like this before..."

"Yeah?" James asked. "Well maybe I've been thinking a lot lately. If my dad's not dead, then what's his excuse, Liz? What's his excuse for leaving me that day!?"

"I don't know," Liz said shaking her head and looking at Harry.

"No one knows!" James said as he picked up another rock and threw it down the street very aggressively. "No one ever knows!!"

"James please calm down," Liz begged.

"Liz you don't get it," James said slowly. "That's all right because I only recently got it myself..."

"Got what?" Liz asked.

"Everyone always wants to help me." James began. "Poor little James Potter, his mum's dead and his dad just might be as well. Let's

pity him, shall we? 'Oh James, we'll find you're dad. He's out there, have faith."

Liz and Harry just stared and didn't say a word.

"Well," James said. "I've had faith. More faith than anyone. After all this time I've come to one conclusion."

"Wha...what's that?" Liz stammered.

"If my dad's still alive and one day gets found or wants to come back into my life,"

James said slowly. "I don't know how much I want him to be there..."

A/N: There's my attempt at angst. Poor James : (

A/N: Well hi! I don't know about all ya'll...but I've not enjoyed the fact that the site's been down! I haven't been able to get my fic fixes...sigh, oh well what can you do? So I went and saw the COS preview, and I have to admit I'm actually impressed by it. When I saw SS preview, I remember thinking..."Hmmm..." I wasn't so sure about it. However, now that I've seen the next one...well I was satisfied. Here's hoping for the best! Anyway, for those of you who have asked for me to email you when I update...I'm horrible at remembering that, so I apologize! If you really do want me to email you when I update, feel free to email me personally, cuz I'll never remember just from the message board...other than that...on with the show!

Harry's eyes widened in shock, while Liz's mouth dropped. James stood there staring intently at the two of them. Harry didn't know what to say or do, he only knew that something had triggered James to start thinking like this, and he most definitely wanted to know what.

"James Potter," Liz said very slowly. "I know damn well that you don't mean that."

James didn't say anything. He had a look in his eyes that almost looked like he was going to cry due to the anger that was surging through his body. He didn't though, he just turned and walked down the street in the direction of their house.

"What was that?" Harry said quietly as soon as James was out of ear shot.

"I don't know," Liz said watching James. "He's never ever done..." She paused and shook her head. "that before!"

"Sounded like it was a bit pent up," Harry said as he shifted his weight awkwardly.

"I never once would have ever thought that he thought..." Liz said rubbing her head. "I mean he's never once let on that he would ever have...What was that?!"

"You're the expert," Harry said. "You tell me."

“As far as I’m concerned,” Liz said. “That wasn’t James.”

Harry just grinned. “I don’t think he ever wants to see me again.”

“Well,” Liz said huffily. “If he keeps acting like that then I would consider yourself lucky. Come on, we need to talk to my parents.” They both started walking, but made sure to keep their distance from where they thought James was. They turned the last corner to see James emerging from the house.

“Stop,” Liz said as she held Harry back. They both watched as James, carrying a small duffel, stepped down the front steps and walked down the street, before disappearing into Mike’s house.

“He’s staying with Mike tonight,” Liz said standing up straight. “It’ll be better that way.”

“What do you mean?” Harry said as they both crossed the road.

“To talk to my parents,” Liz said. “I know James too well to know that he wouldn’t just snap about something like that for no reason.”

“Even if he’s been keeping it inside?” Harry asked.

“Yes,” Liz said. “James may be private, but if you know him as well as I do then you can start to pick up on his mannerisms. If this had been bothering him for awhile, then we would have realized something. James never loses his temper, ever. He has too many people that would have killed to witness a moment like that back there, simply for the fact that they can sell papers about his broken life and they way it’s effected him.”

“So what are you trying to say?” Harry said as they reached the front door.

“I’m saying,” Liz said as she stopped short of turning the knob. “That something provoked him. That little comment at dinner wasn’t enough to do it, but something did. Something made him start thinking like that...or someone.”

Harry just stared at her as she opened the door and they both slowly walked in to see Hermione sitting on a chair reading the paper and Ron laying on the floor playing cards with one of the twins.

"You've just missed James," Hermione said casually. "He just came back."

"We know," Liz said aggravated as she slammed herself down next to her mum on the sofa. "Harry and I had a little encounter with him over off Teling Street."

"What?" Hermione asked as she watched Harry sit down in a nearby chair. "What's all this about?"

"What did James say when he came in?" Liz said not paying attention.

"Well," Hermione said looking at Ron. "He came in and Ron and I both asked him where he had been and he said something about playing Quidditch..."

"Then I told him how he shouldn't be out and about like that," Ron said cutting in, "and he made some comment about...what was it?"

"Something like, 'so I've heard,'" Hermione said. "Then he said that he was going over to Mike's and before we could get another word in edgewise he was already upstairs and back and then out the door. Ron and I decided not to touch it because he was obviously upset about something, and you know James. He talks when he's ready."

"You just let him go over to Mike's without questioning why he didn't want to be here?" Harry asked.

"He does it all the time," Liz said answering for her parents.

"Should we have?" Hermione asked. "You two aren't telling me something..."

"Something's gotten into James," Liz said as she stared at the wall.

“Maybe it’s a brain eating spider,” Conner said from the floor. “Nicholas Thomas from our class was telling us about these big ones that live in Africa that come and...”

“Conner sweetie,” Hermione said standing up. “Why don’t you go upstairs and help Aiden with his homework?”

Conner took a long hard look at his mother before glancing to Ron for help.

“Go on Con,” Ron said shrugging.

“Sheeesh,” Conner said collecting his cards. “If I didn’t know any better I could swear that you all are hiding something.” He got up and headed upstairs, all the while mocking his parents under his breath. “Go upstairs, Conner. Go play with your brother, Conner...”

“So now what’s this about something getting into James?” Hermione asked. “What happened out there?”

“He snapped,” Liz said as she began to recall the events of what had happened with James out in the street.

“He doesn’t want anything to do with Harry? He doesn’t mean that,” Ron said very seriously. “He can’t mean that..”

“Of course he doesn’t,” Hermione said somewhat shocked. “I mean he knows how much his father cared about him.”

“I know he knows,” Liz said. “But where would all that come from?”

“Well,” Harry said. “Like you suggested earlier, something could have happened to him out there. What we were afraid of...”

“What do you mean?” Ron asked.

“Someone caught up to him...” Harry said flatly.

“Maybe I should call Katie and ask her to send him back...” Hermione began to say.

"No," Harry said. "Let him stay. We'll talk to him later."

"I'm going to bed," Liz said suddenly. "I've got a headache."

"Feel better sweetheart," Ron said as he kissed Liz on the cheek before she disappeared upstairs.

"Well," Hermione said heavily. "That was quite the first day back."

"How many more months until Hogwarts starts up again?" Ron asked sarcastically.

"Oh you mean to tell me that this doesn't happen very often?" Harry said as he rubbed his head.

"I'm going to call Katie and have her send James home first thing tomorrow," Hermione said as she walked off to the kitchen.

"I'm going to go and get the boys in bed," Ron said as he to also walked off sighing heavily.

Harry sat there thinking about all that had transpired that night. James's allegations that he, or his father, didn't care about him. He didn't feel angry or upset by anything that had been said, but instead felt complete sympathy for James. Where was adult Harry? If he was still alive he essentially did abandon all those people he cared about. A chilling thought ran through Harry's mind. Ever since he could remember being famous, he had wished he could take it all back to be a normal wizard. At least as far as reporters and what not were concerned. What if his adult self did just that? Ran off without a trace so that he could live a normal life?

"No," Harry said out loud to himself. "You would never do that the people you love."

Hermione suddenly appeared and sat down in a nearby chair. She glanced up at Harry, "You went to Katie's didn't you?"

"Huh?" Harry asked snapping back into reality. "Oh yeah, I think so, yeah...why?"

"Well," Hermione said a tiny smile crept across her lips. "She's confused about James's hair."

"Hmm..." Harry said. "I can only wonder what James told her."

"She didn't ask him," Hermione said. "She asked me. I just laughed it off, not really knowing what to say. We'll have to work out some sort of story for that."

"Yeah..." Harry said distantly.

"Harry," Hermione said as Ron reappeared in the room. "Things will be better. We'll have a long discussion tomorrow with James. We'll see what's going on and what's bothering him."

Harry didn't say anything. He just stared up at Ron. "Can I ask you a question?"

"Shoot," Ron said shrugging.

"I would have never just left because I wanted to escape the world," Harry began to say. "Would I?"

"You mean leave just to leave?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah..." Harry said.

"Not that I could conceive," Ron said. "Not without giving us some warning. When you disappeared, you were in the best spirits we had seen you in ages."

"Yeah," Hermione said. "You were really achieving a lot of progress at work and in your petitions against the corruption of the Ministry, you were thrilled with James and the fact that he was doing so well, and you were finally in a good relationship. We were thrilled with the fact that for the first time in forever you were actually happy."

“Nothing makes sense,” Harry said. “I can’t even figure out where I was coming from.”

“Well,” Hermione said. “Maybe we can figure something out tomorrow when we head down to the Ministry. Although I don’t know how much that will help us. Draco Malfoy doesn’t exactly love talking to us. I don’t even know how we’re going to get him to see us...I’ve tried in the past.”

“I’ve already thought of that,” Harry said. “He may not want anything to do with all of you, but I know for a fact that there is one person that he more than wants to talk to.”

Ron and Hermione both exchanged confused glances before it hit them. “James...”

“Exactly,” Harry said. “Now we obviously don’t want the real James in there, especially in the mind set he’s in currently, so we need to find someone who looks like him...”

Ron and Hermione both just smiled. “That just might work,” Hermione said.

“It’ll work,” Harry said confidently. “It’ll work better than we could have ever hoped...”

The next morning came quickly. Harry had barely slept a wink. He had spend his entire evening planning out how he was going to handle his encounter with Malfoy tomorrow. One slip up and their cover could be blown. He really needed to make sure that his plan was full proof.

He climbed out of bed and got dressed in some of James’s old clothes. He made his way downstairs to see Ron sitting on the couch with the boys watching some cartoons on the television.

“Hey,” Harry said as he sat down. Ron looked up, but neither of boys could be bothered.

"Hey Harry," Ron said smiling. "You're up early."

"Didn't sleep much," Harry said as he glanced over at the nearby clock that said it was 'early.'

"Well," Ron said. "There's a big day ahead of you and Hermione."

"You're not going to come?" Harry said a little surprised.

"I would," Ron said breathing deeply. "Since fighting Malfoy has always been our thing, but fighting adult Malfoy has always been Hermione and your thing. Plus I've got to go down to the bank and do some work."

"Geez," Harry said running a hand through his hair. "Ron Weasley actually grew up and took on some responsibility."

"Don't remind me," Ron said grinning as he stood up.

"Whose going to watch the them?" Harry said gesturing towards the boys.

"Liz and James," Ron said. "Well, at least Liz will. James still hasn't come back yet. It's still early though."

"Well," Hermione said appearing out of the kitchen. "We'll need to stay and talk to him before we go anywhere. I want to know where he's getting all these silly ideas. Katie said she'd send him home right after breakfast. She has to be to the Prophet early today and Mike's due at his dad's." At the mere finish of that sentence however, the front door opened, and in came James.

"James," Ron said looking at him sternly. "We need to talk."

James took a very deep breath. "I guess it can't wait can it?"

"No," Hermione said just as sternly as Ron had. "I want to know what happened last night."

"I went and played Quidditch with the Wood brothers and some other people from school," James said shrugging.

"So," Ron said seriously as Harry just looked on. "Was it before or after the snitch was caught that you realized you harbor all this resentment towards your father?"

James stood silent for a moment. "I'd say a little from column A and a little from column B."

"Don't get cheeky, James," Hermione said. "I want to know where all this came from and why it's never come up before."

"I don't know," James said frustrated. "I mean it makes sense that I feel this way, doesn't it?"

"It would," Ron said. "But after almost seven years of not having and ill thought towards your father, suddenly having quite a few is a bit surprising."

"Well," James said. "Maybe it just took me longer to realize it."

"Hmmm..." Ron said looking over at Hermione and Harry. "I don't believe it, do you?"

"You don't have to believe it," James said. "I can't help the way I feel."

"James," Hermione said. "Something had to have happened. Is it the fact that Harry's here?"

"No and yes I guess," James said as he looked at Harry. "I don't harbor any resentment towards you. You're just a kid, you're not my dad...yet. I'm sorry if it's seemed that way, but the fact that you're here has just brought up a lot of things that I've had to deal with."

"I understand," Harry said nodding. "I'm sorry."

"It's all right," James said sighing. "I'm mad at Harry Potter the man, my father. Not Harry Potter the sixteen year old kid."

“Good to know,” Harry said.

“James if you’ve felt like this,” Hermione began. “Then how come you haven’t talked about it with us?”

“How can I?” James asked. “One, with him being here, it’s been a bit awkward to breach the subject, and two, you two always sticking up for my dad.”

“He’s our best friend,” Ron said.

“Maybe so,” James said. “And I’m sure that he was a fantastic best friend, but you also have to realize that he’s my father, and he hasn’t exactly been the greatest father. He’s been missing for seven years, and he was only in my life for ten. The good and bad are starting to even out.”

“Oh James,” Hermione said. “I know how hard this is, but believe me Harry would not have just abandoned you for no reason.”

“Well,” James said. “Let’s hope so. Right now I’ve got some reason to doubt that...”

“No one said anything to you to make you think this way?” Ron asked suddenly.

“Maybe,” James finally said. “I guess Dan Wood’s comment.”

“What did Dan Wood say?” Hermione said.

“After what happened at dinner,” James said looking at the floor. “I just got to thinking about dad and the letters and crap from Malfoy. It was all just swirling in my head. So I took off out the window with my broom to do the one thing that clears my mind...”

“Play Quidditch...” Harry interrupted.

“Yeah...” James said looking at Harry. “Anyway, I picked up a game with the Wood guys and after awhile while we were on the ground and Dan got on my case about not being on top of things. My game

was slacking or something. So since Dan and I haven't ever really gotten along because of the crap he gives Mike, I came right back at him telling him he was one to talk about having a bad day, since he lost the cup for us because his girlfriend broke up with him that day."

"Ok?" Ron asked.

"There's a point," James said. "Anyway that's when he said something that really got me...."

"What the hell is wrong with you Potter?!" Dan Wood yelled.

"Me?" James said full of anger. "What's wrong with you? Are you the only one allowed to have a bad day?"

"No!" Dan yelled. "But I had to play Quidditch that day. No ones forcing you to play. Especially so bloody bad!"

"Yeah?" James asked. "Well this game isn't for the Quidditch cup now is it?!"

"Bastard," Dan said. "Seriously Potter, what is it that you have against me?"

"Maybe the fact that you're a right prat?" James said.

"Well," Dan said. "So is that little git you call your best mate, but you two still seem to get along just fine."

"I know you're not talking about Mike," James said walking right up to Dan.

"And if I am?" Dan said staring James straight in the eye."

"Don't push me Wood," James said sternly. "Right now I'll kick the bloody crap out of you."

"I'm shaking," Dan said sarcastically.

"You want to know why I don't like you?" James said. "This is why. You're an ass. You treat Mike like crap just because your dad went and cheated on your mum and for once got caught because he had a kid."

"You did not just say that," Dan said furiously.

"Yeah I did," James said. "You're an ass and your dad's an ass. Mike's a human being and you treat him like ooze. He didn't ask to be your father's illegitimate child. He didn't ask to have his dad forget he exists."

Dan didn't say a word. He just stood there and glared at James like he was about to pull out his wand and hex him to kingdom come.

"Yeah," James said smiling smugly. "That's what I thought." He turned and picked up his broom and start to walk away.

"You'd know all about that wouldn't you, Potter?" Dan said suddenly.

"Come again?" James said. "Sorry I missed that."

"I said," Dan said taking a step closer. "You'd know all about that."

"All about what?" James asked sarcastically.

"About your dad forgetting you exist." Dan said maliciously. "As much as you may hate my dad because, as I'm sure Mike tells it, he's not the ideal picture of fatherhood, but at least he's there. Which is a hell of a lot more than you can say. My father could have just picked up and paid off Mike's mum, but at least he makes an effort to be in that little brat's life. As half assed as you may find his attempts, it's a hell of a lot more than what you've got."

James stood there, his fists began to clench and he was ready to beat the crap out of Dan Wood. He was ready to bash in that pretty boy face and kick this living crap out of him. Forget magic, and hexes, and wands, and just fight with his fists.

“Go ahead and hit me,” Dan said. “You want to know why it makes you so angry?”

“Shut up,” James said fiercely.

“It wouldn’t be bothering you so much if you didn’t know it was true,” Dan said smiling a little.

“Shut up!” James yelled.

“Your dad went and left you,” Dan said. “He’s left, and I highly doubt he’s ever coming back...”

A/N: Sigh...well, well, well...I'm back!!!! Thank you all for your patience! This story was driving me nuts. I was honestly considering just saying screw it, because with the site being down, and me having a million and one things to do, obviously no one would know if I finished it or not. Then alas, a few people came through and made me realize that that really wouldn't be fair. For those people, this is for you. Thanks for the wonderful reviews and emails! I've read them all and I appreciate all of them. You all rock! As for some questions I've been getting about the characters....well you'll have to wait and see what happens! :) Oh yeah, and on a side note, for those of you who have asked to put my stories on your websites, I would love if you could email me a link to your site. Just because I've lost all my emails, (which is why I haven't responded to some of them. Nothing personal! I just lost your address..!) and would love to see your sites. Thanks! On with the show!

"That little brat," Hermione said angrily. "I swear, you'd think with all the money that family has that they would be able to teach the kid some tact."

"So," James said. "I was about to punch him in the face, when Drew came over and pulled us apart. Dan's lucky that I actually like his brother."

"James," Ron said as he paced the room. "I don't know what to tell you. I mean I know Harry..." He paused and looked at Harry. "You can ask Harry! He wouldn't have just left you."

"So where did he go?" James asked unconvinced.

"I don't know," Ron said breathing deeply. "We'll find out one day. I hope."

"We'll find out very soon," Harry said standing up. "Herm, how long does it take to get to the Ministry."

"You're going to the Ministry?" James asked looking up. "Why?"

"To talk to Malfoy," Harry said.

"But he'll know you are who you....are!" James stammered out in a confused manner.

"I'm going to play pretend," Harry said grinning a little. "He was fooled yesterday, so I'm sure I'll be able to convince him today."

James just stared blankly. "What are you going to say?"

Harry looked lost in thought. "I'm not positive yet, but I know I'll figure it out when I'm there. Now, Hermione, how long does it take to get there?"

"Seconds by apparation." Hermione said.

"I can't apparate," James said. "I haven't taken the test yet."

"Oh right," Hermione said. "Floo Powder then?"

"You can't do that," Ron said. "You have to have a scheduled appointment to be able to Floo into the Ministry. They'll throw you out otherwise."

"He's right," Harry said.

"All right," Hermione said. "We'll just Floo Powder somewhere near by and then walk."

"All right," Harry said. "I'm ready when you are."

Hermione turned to Ron. "We'll be back later. Hopefully, we won't have to stay in Malfoy's presence too long."

"We'll be there until I feel he actually tells me something beneficial," Harry said sternly. "Ready then?"

"No more running about like a loony," Hermione said as she tousled James's hair. "And make sure you talk to Liz."

"I will," James said as he stood up.

“Good luck you two,” Ron said as he watched Hermione pick up a handful of Floo Powder.

“Counsel Street Pub,” Hermione said to Harry before she threw the powder into the fire and repeated the words.

“Here goes nothing,” Harry said as he took one last look at Ron and James before stepping in. “Counsel Street Pub.” Suddenly the all too familiar feeling of spinning came over Harry as Ron and Hermione’s living room disappeared.

Harry hit the ground with a thud. This hadn’t been a smooth landing.

“Ok Harry?” Hermione said as she reached out to help him up.

“Yeah,” Harry said as he dusted the ash off his clothes. “Rough one that one was.”

“You’re telling me,” Hermione said. “I hardly ever travel by Floo unless I’m with one of the kids. Wait until you can apparate. It will change your life.”

“I think I’ve had enough life changing events for awhile,” Harry said with a smile as he looked around the room they were standing in. It reminded Harry quite a bit of the Leaky Cauldron, with its atmosphere and its patron’s appearances. “What’s this place?”

Hermione smiled. “It’s just a little pub. You and I used to come here all the time on break from work. I assume many of the Ministry employees still do.”

“So the Ministry is near by?” Harry asked.

“Across the street,” Hermione said as she headed in the direction of the door. “Right there.”

She opened the door and Harry saw the Ministry of Magic building standing before him. It was an enormously large gray building that

seemed to have a strange, almost force field like mist surrounding it. The building itself really didn't look very old, and Harry bet that Hogwarts must have eons on it, however he could only assume that the building was ancient. There was something about this building that Harry really didn't like. All though it looked very normal to the naked eye, he felt a strange and uninviting vibe coming from it.

"See that over there," Hermione said pointing as they stood right outside the pub. "Top floor, third window down?"

"Yeah," Harry said.

"That used to be our office," Hermione said. "That whole part is the Ministry of Defense's wing."

"I see," Harry said as he followed Hermione across the busy street. "Are those guards over there?"

"Appears that way," Hermione said as they walked through a stone entrance and past the two guard posts. "Come on, we'll need to talk to someone."

They both walked up to the front of the building and entered through the main entrance into an extremely large foyer area. In the very center of the room was an extremely large painting of Draco Malfoy. He looked particularly rat faced, Harry noticed, but he looked away and tried to avoid all eye contact with the painting.. He continued to look around and saw people scurrying about and looking very busy. He noticed one man in the far corner screaming at a woman behind a desk. He seemed to be demanding to talk to someone about some magical accident. Harry stopped turned to see a large line forming for reasons he couldn't figure out.

"Oh the Department of Muggle control are going to have their hands full with that one," Harry heard a passing woman say to another woman.

"There are a lot of people in here," Harry said.

“Well,” Hermione said as she searched the room for something in particular. “It is the Ministry of Magic. See that line? That’s where I’ll have to come with James and Liz soon. Apparation tests.”

“Oh is that was that’s for?” Harry said as he glanced at the line and noticed one boy reading from a study pamphlet. He seemed to be extremely nervous.

“Over here,” Hermione said as she stood behind a very tall and frightening looking woman. “They should be able to tell us where to go.”

Harry enjoyed the fact that this happened to be one of the shorter lines in the room. Before he had finished that thought, they were being called up.

“May I help you?” asked an elderly woman with an extremely pointy face. Harry felt really uneasy standing near her, and he noticed that Hermione must have as well.

“Yes,” Hermione said. “I need to know who I would talk to in order to be able to speak with the Minister.”

“Minister Malfoy himself?” the lady asked half laughing. “No one speaks to Mr. Malfoy without a specially arranged appointment.”

“Fine,” Hermione said aggravated. “Who do I speak to in order to get one of those?”

“Well,” the woman said. “There are quite a few people you would have to go to if he’s not expecting you or hasn’t scheduled the appointment himself. I don’t want you to get your hopes up dear. No one speaks to Mr. Malfoy unless he wants to speak to you.”

“Well,” Hermione said sternly. “He’ll want to speak to us. If you could please give us the names of these people I’ll need to talk to.”

The woman started at Hermione with a look of ‘take a hint.’ She breathed deeply and reached into a file cabinet. “Here,” the woman began. “The top number is the number of the Minister’s secretary,

followed by the Deputy Minister's secretary and so on." She paused. "You probably won't get through to either of them, so you might want to start down here with that number."

"What's that number?" Hermione asked.

"The Public Relations Department," the woman said. "They deal with most of the complaints and opinions that the magical world has."

"Fine," Hermione said forcing a smile. "Thank you."

"Next," the woman said not playing anymore attention to Hermione.

"Uggg," Hermione said glancing at Harry. "I hate it here."

"Why?" Harry asked sarcastically. "It all seems so pleasant."

Hermione walked over to a nearby interoffice communication station. Harry noticed that it almost looked like a muggle telephone, besides the fact that it was hovering in the center of the room. Hermione pulled out her wand and pointed it at the device. "Who should I try first?"

"Try his secretary," Harry said pointing to the top number.

"All right," Hermione said as she pointed her wand and said the three digit number at the top of the page. They waited while it buzzed...and buzzed...and buzzed.

"Hello?" said a voice.

"Yes, hello," Hermione began to say before she was cut off.

"Thank you for connecting to the Office of the Minister of Magic. We regret to inform you that all circuits are busy, but please do not break magical concentration. Your voice and opinion is important to us."

"Oh please," Hermione said as she lowered her wand and the device suddenly went black.

"Maybe we should try the bottom?" Harry suggested.

Hermione seemed to be one step ahead of him. She pointed her wand and said, "145."

"Ministry of Magic Public Relations Department," came the voice of what sounded like a young woman. "This is Linda. How can I be of service to your magical concern today?"

"Do they always have to say that?" Harry asked. Hermione ignored him.

"Yes Linda," Hermione said pleasantly. "I was wondering what I would need to do in order to speak to Mr. Malfoy?"

"Our prestigious Minister of Magic is a very busy man," the girl said in her best, trained textbook speech. "He has many things to deal with on a daily basis, and sometimes, to his regret, cannot be at the disposal of the many people who wish to talk to him."

"How much is he paying you?!" Harry asked in an astonished voice.

"Harry," Hermione said throwing a look at him.

"Well come on," Harry mumbled. "You know he wrote that himself!"

"I understand that he is a very busy man," Hermione said. "But he obviously deals with people on a daily basis. My question is, how can I become one of those people?"

"Are you looking for employment opportunities?" the girl asked.

"No," Hermione said very frustrated. "I would just like to speak to Mr. Malfoy."

"If you have an issue or a concern," the girl continued. "I would be more than happy to be of any assistance."

"You won't be," Hermione said forgetting the politeness. "All I want is to talk to Draco Malfoy. If I need to make an appointment, so be it."

The girl was quiet for a moment. "All right. Well, I'll have to forward you to the Minister's appointment secretary. She handles all of his affairs."

"How come her number's not on this?" Harry said searching the list.

"Thank you!" Hermione said loudly. "Finally," she mumbled to Harry as she listened to the buzzing of the device.

"Ministry of Magic, Minister Malfoy's Office," came the voice of another woman.

"Yes," Hermione said quickly. "I would like to know..."

"Your call is eleventh in place to be answered," the voice continued. "Please hold."

Harry watched as Hermione's face went from bad to worse. "I never had to deal with this crap when I worked here. What is this? Music?"

Harry listened as strange and cheezy music that came from the communication device, only to be interrupted by the occasional message of, "You are ninth in line. Thank you for your patience, please hold." Finally, after about a half hour, in which Harry and Hermione had started playing 'name that hair piece,' a human voice spoke.

"Thank you for patience, Calindra Hobart speaking."

"Hello," Hermione said. "Yes Ms. Hobart, I was wondering if I could make an appointment to speak to the Minister of Magic?"

"Concerning?" Ms. Hobart said.

"I just have someone who would like to speak to him?" Hermione said looking at Harry for help.

"Well," Ms. Hobart said. "I'm sorry, Miss..?"

"Mrs. Granger-Weasley," Hermione said.

"Mrs. Granger-Weasley," Ms. Hobart continued. "Many people would like to speak to him, and of course we can't have everyone who wanted to do so. The Minister has special public events in which he addresses the public..."

"I'm aware of these event," Hermione said. "I just have someone with me who I know that he would be extremely interested in talking to."

"I'm sure," Ms. Hobart said unconvincingly. "Well, his next available appointment is..." She paused. "In July."

"July?" Hermione asked. "That's over a month away."

"July of 2022," Ms. Hobart continued. "So actually it's a month and two years."

"Oh this is ridiculous," Hermione said yelling. "Can I just leave a message with him. I'm telling you, if he knew who wanted to speak to him, he would make time."

"Well, I'll have to forward you to his personal secretary," Ms. Hobart said.

"Why!?" Hermione said. "I'll bet any money that your desk is less than five yards away from hers! Couldn't you just stand up and hand it to her!?"

"No, I'm sorry," she answered.

"Fine," Hermione said. "FINE!"

"Would you still like the appointment?" she asked.

"Yes, fine, whatever," Hermione said angrily. Harry took a step back.

The phone began to buzz again, and soon enough they found themselves twenty-first in line to connect. They were on hold listening

to the music once again, and after a half hour they finally got an answer.

"Minister's office," the woman said. "How can I help you."

"I want to leave Malfoy a message," Hermione said straight to the point.

"Ok," the woman said. "In regards to?"

"Something," Hermione said not caring about being polite anymore.

"Ok...?" the woman said. "Your name?"

"Please just tell Mr. Malfoy," Hermione began. "That Hermione Granger and Har...James Potter would like to speak to him in person. We do have an appointment set for two years from now, but we'd like to shorten that."

"James Potter?" the woman asked. "Did I hear you correctly?"

"Yes," Hermione said.

"Well Ms. Granger," the woman said. "I'm sure he'll be pleased to receive this message."

"Will he?" Hermione asked. "And why's that?"

"I'll be sure to let him know," she said ignoring her. "He's currently not in his office."

"Thank you," Hermione said.

"Can I have a number or some sort of connection where I can have him contact you?" the woman asked.

"Tell you what," Hermione said as a grin appeared across her face. "He's a very powerful man, and I'm well aware of how much he would like to speak to James. So let him find it."

Harry's mouth dropped, as Hermione lowered her wand. "What are you doing?"

"He'll find it," Hermione said. "And he will call. Don't worry."

"So that's it?" Harry asked. "We're done here?"

"We're done today," Hermione said smiling. "But something tells me, we'll be back here a lot sooner than we think." She paused as she looked up at the portrait of Malfoy hanging in the center of the room, it was glaring at her and Harry. "You know, more than ever I think he has something to do with what happened to Harry."

"I couldn't be more positive," Harry said as painting suddenly smiled somewhat eerily at the two of them.

A/N - Hey everyone! I'm sorry I'm taking so long this time...! I've been super busy what with getting ready to move back up to school and moving into my apartment! Good news is, when I'm in school I tend to find more time to write so the end of the story will be quicker...at least I hope so!

"Hey," Ron said as Hermione and Harry appeared through the fireplace upon returning home. "How'd it go?"

Hermione gave Ron an exasperated look and she dusted herself off. "We didn't get to see him. After talking to pretty much everyone in the entire building we come to find out that he wasn't even in his office today."

"That's no good," Liz said as Harry looked over to the group. Ron, Liz, and James were all playing a game of chess.

"You're telling me," Harry said. "However, his secretary seemed very interested in talking to us. Said he would be too, and that he'll be contacting us."

"Wouldn't doubt it," James said not taking his eyes off the chess board.

"So how are things around here?" Hermione asked checking the clock on the wall. "My, we were gone for ages. It's almost supper time."

"Ginny called," Ron said. "Said she can't make it tonight for dinner. Had to go to the hospital for Thomas."

"What?!" Hermione asked worried.

"Nothing serious," Liz said. "Just spilt his knee open. He apparently didn't even want to go to the hospital because it would cause him to miss his favorite television program."

"Go figure," James said still not looking up.

"You two make up?" Hermione said sitting down next to Liz.

"Do we ever not?" James said grinning a little while Liz rolled her eyes.

"Good to hear," Hermione said. "Tell you what, why don't we get some take out food? I'm really too tired to cook."

"Sounds good to me," Ron said cheerfully. "I'll apparate down to Bilby's and get something. Bilby's sound good?"

"Yes!" James and Liz said excitedly.

"What's that?" Harry asked.

"Italian," Hermione said. "Bilby is Mr. Bilbinio, an aged Italian wizard with a talent for baked ziti."

"Ok then," Ron said. "I'll go, and be back in about five minutes. Everyone get ready and cleaned up."

"Sounds good," Hermione said. "Liz will you set the table? I'll go get the boys."

"Ok," Liz said standing up and walking into the kitchen, while Ron and Hermione both went their separate ways leaving Harry and James.

"So," Harry said sitting down. "Busy day?"

"Nope," James said. "Just played with the rug rats and talked things over with Liz. Not as exciting as yours I'm sure."

"Your day sounds better," Harry said as Ron suddenly reappeared in the room with food in his hands.

"That was quick," James said.

"No line," Ron said smirking as Liz finished setting the table.

"Yum," Hermione said coming back into the room. "Smells good."

"Yeah it does," one of the twins said as he ran up to the table. "I'm so hungry I could eat a hippogriff!"

"You probably would," the other twin said gloomily. "I don't like Bilby's..."

"Too bad, Con," Ron said looking at his son. "This is what you're getting."

"I can't eat this," Conner said looking at the plate of lasagna that sat in front of him. "It has meat in it."

"So?" Liz said.

"I'm a vegimitarian," Conner said.

"It's vegetarian," James said smiling at Conner. "And since when? You ate all that bacon this morning."

Conner was silenced for a moment as he watched Aiden stuffing his face. "That was this morning. I've seen the error of my ways and realized that eating meat is bad."

"Riiiiiight," Ron said skeptically. "Eat the spaghetti then."

"I can't," Connor continued.

"Why not now?" Liz asked. "Are you against eating noodles too...?"

"Ummm..." Conner said searching his brain for something to say. "I believe that those noodles were made under unfair working conditions..."

"Oh stuff it," Aiden said. "You just like to whine."

"Do not!" Conner said defensively.

"Boys," Hermione said rubbing her temples. "I've got a headache, can we please just have a peaceful dinner?"

“He started it,” Conner said picking up a piece of bread and chewing on a corner.

“Watch it,” Aiden said. “The wheat in the bread was picked under unfair working conditions...”

“Aiden...!” Ron was beginning to say before he was suddenly interrupted by a sudden tapping on the window.

“It’s an owl!” Liz said jumping up and running over to it.

“Is it from the Ministry?” Hermione asked excitedly.

Liz took the letter and read the cover. “No, but it’s for James.”

James looked up at Liz and then around the table. “I wonder who it’s from?”

“Well open it,” Hermione said.

James took the letter and quickly read the front before turning it over. “It’s from Hogwarts. See the seal?”

“Oh,” Hermione said a bit disappointed. “Well, what’s it say?”

“Dear Mr. Potter,” James began to say. “We are pleased to inform you that you have been selected to be...” he paused. “Head Boy.”

“Oh James!” Hermione said excitedly. “That’s wonderful!”

“Yeah,” Harry said. “Congratulations!”

“Good job, James,” Ron said smirking at Hermione. “We’ve got ourselves another one.”

“Well,” James said shrugging. “It’s not too big a surprise I suppose. I didn’t have any competition really.”

“Oh don’t undermine it James,” Hermione said beaming. “It really is quite an honor.”

James just smiled and shrugged as he glanced over to Liz, who was slowly moving a piece of spaghetti around her plate. "So Liz?"

"So what?" she said quietly.

"So...." James said. "You've been saying I'd get this for...who knows how long! Now that I've gotten it you're not going to say anything?"

"Good job," she said quietly without looking up.

"Is something the matter, Liz?" Hermione asked.

"No," Liz said. "I've just lost my appetite. May I be excused?"

"I suppose," Hermione said looking at her daughter skeptically. "Are you sure you're all right?"

"Fine," Liz said as she stood up and walked out of the room.

"What was that?" Ron asked.

"Maybe she's upset she didn't get a letter too," Conner said as he picked up another piece of bread.

"That's not it," James said. "I mean she'll get hers. It probably just hasn't arrived yet."

"Why would they send the Head Boy's letter, but not the Head Girl's?" Aiden asked.

"Oh dear," Hermione said. "Maybe the owl got lost?"

"It better have!" James said aggravated. "There is absolutely no way that I'm going to be Head Boy while Regina Boot is Head Girl! No way! Absolutely not!"

"Well," Ron said looking at Hermione. "Why don't you owl Professor McGonagall and ask? I mean you were going to anyway to see if they had a way to get Harry back to his own time."

“Yes,” Hermione said. “I think I will...this isn’t good. Being Head Girl is all Liz ever wanted...”

“It’s not that big a deal,” James said.

“Don’t tell her that,” Hermione said turning quickly to James. “That’s all she needs right now. For you to have gotten what she wanted and you not even care that you did.”

“Should I go talk to her?” James asked.

“Finish your dinner,” Ron said. “She’ll be fine right now. She doesn’t go jumping out of windows when she’s upset...”

Later that night, Harry and Ron were deeply involved in a game of chess. Harry thought that perhaps he had a chance now that Ron was older and had more important things to worry about other than chess. He was wrong.

“Checkmate,” Ron said.

“That’s the eight times in a row dad!” Aiden said excitedly.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah...” Harry said as Hermione suddenly came down the stairs.

“How is she?” Ron asked.

“Taking it hard,” Hermione said. “It was hard to tell her that she was three tenths of point away from being Head Girl...”

“It must be rough for her,” Harry said. “I mean I can only imagine it would be the same as if you hadn’t gotten it.”

“She’s just in her room moping...” Hermione said. “I wish I could do something.”

“Hmmm....” Harry said standing up. “I’m going to go and talk to her.”

“Good luck,” Hermione said. “I’m going to apparate over to Ginny and Neville’s and see how they’re doing. You ok here with everyone else, Ron?”

“Always the babysitter,” Ron said smiling.

“Just because you’re that good,” Hermione said smiling as she kissed him.

“Ewww...” Aiden and Conner said in unison, while Harry made a face.

“Them I expect,” Hermione said, “but Harry, you?”

“I don’t think I’ll ever get used to that!” Harry said grinning a little as he headed up the stairs and over to Liz’s door.

“Liz?” Harry asked as he knocked on the door. “It’s Harry. Can I come in.” There was no reply.

“Liz?” Harry asked as he turned the knob slowly and peaked in. She was sound asleep. He smiled a little and shut the door. He started walking when he noticed James’s door open a crack. He knocked.

“Come in,” James’s voice said. He was sprawled out on his bed reading the newest edition of Quidditch Through the Ages.

“Hey,” Harry said.

“Hi,” James said with a look of surprise. “You need something?”

“Not really,” Harry said stepping in. “Just thought I’d come say hi.”

“Oh,” James said sitting up. “Ok I suppose.”

“You mind?” Harry asked as he pointed to a nearby chair.

James shook his head. “Not at all. Have a seat.”

“Quite a lot of Quidditch stuff you’ve got in here,” Harry said looking around the room.

“Yeah,” James said smiling a little. “You can almost say I’m obsessed.”

“Almost,” Harry said smirking. “You know you’re not too different from me. I think if I wasn’t your father at the age of sixteen we would have been great friends.”

James laughed. “Yeah probably. Everyone tells me that I remind them of you. Even before you went and disappeared.”

Harry stared out the window. “Was I a good dad? I mean before all this disappearing crap...”

James stared at Harry. “Yeah, I mean...” He paused. “Yeah you were.”

“No, what?” Harry asked. “I’m curious. I mean we all want to be good parents, and you don’t get a chance to ask very often.”

“You were great,” James said softly. “I mean we used to spend a lot of time together. There was this one time, the first time you put me on a broomstick. I fell off and broke my arm. I was terrified to have another go at it.” He paused and looked up at Harry. “But you made me get back on it the first chance I had. Now look at me!”

Harry laughed.

“You always let me know you cared.” James continued. “You said that the one thing you had missed out on in life was the love of a parent. Since mum had died you were going to double that so that I wouldn’t ever feel a moment of lost love.”

Harry smiled and then stopped. “Guess I screwed that up...”

“The day you went missing...” James said. “I didn’t know what to do. I mean when mum died, I was too little to suffer grief. I don’t remember

any of it. With you gone, it was like my entire world had just come crashing down. I felt like it was over. Ron and Hermione helped a lot. I don't know what I would have done without them. Hermione taught me to focus some of my energy on school. I had 'potential,' as she puts it. Ron helped me focus my energy on Quidditch. Instead of moping and hating the world, they taught me to take out my aggressions in other ways. They've been amazing."

"They are amazing," Harry said. "I really can't imagine what I would have done without them either." He got quiet. "What do you know about your mum?"

"Just what you used to tell me," James said. "I've only ever seen one picture of her. We met one of her best friends from her childhood one day while in Paris. She had heard Harry Potter was coming and I suppose mum must of said something about you when she was alive. So she decided to seek you out. She had a picture of her from when she was about 20. Dad...I mean you...stared crying when you saw it."

"It was the only picture?" Harry asked shocked.

"You two had met in the forests of Calcaid." James continued. "Very rustic surroundings. Even if you did have cameras, the Great Fire would have destroyed everything..."

"What about your grandparents?" Harry asked.

"Dead," James said. "Died when she was seven. One of the many things you two had in common."

"Wow," Harry said.

"She was Parisian," James continued. "Went to Beauxbatons. From her picture she had jet black hair and blue eyes. She was beautiful."

"Do you still have the picture?" Harry asked.

"Dad does...did...I don't know," James said. "Always carried it around in his wallet."

"It's a little weird to hear about the person you inevitably fall in love with," Harry said grinning a little. "What was her name?"

"Collette," James said. "Collette Ronan. That's why my middle name is Ronan."

"James Ronan Potter," Harry said.

"Yeah," James said smiling a little. "I wish I would have gotten to know her. She died eleven days after I was born."

"Wow..." Harry said solemnly

"Apparently it was love at first sight," James said grinning. "That's why I believe in that sort of thing. You always told me too."

"So that's why you think this Anne girl and you might be it?" Harry asked.

"Hey," James said standing up and stretching. "A boy can hope."

"Too true," Harry said as he stared at James. He was thoroughly enjoying this conversation. It seemed to be the first real connection that he and James were having. It made him think that this entire trip was worth it.

"Harry?" came a voice from outside. It was Hermione.

"In here," Harry said as Hermione opened the door. "What's up?"

She walked over and handed Harry a piece of paper. "Look," she said.

Harry took the paper and realized that it was a letter. "What's this?"

"Read it aloud," Hermione said.

"Dear James Potter," Harry began. "I was informed of your interest in speaking to me. I must admit that I too am interested in speaking to you. Your appointment to see me has been bumped up to tomorrow."

Anytime after noon. Just inform any ministry employee of your identity and you will receive immediate priority. Hope to see you soon...Sincerely, Draco Malfoy."

"Tomorrow afternoon," Hermione said.

"Tomorrow afternoon it is then," Harry said grinning. "He's taken the bait..."

A/N: peeks in very, very slowly Well, since I'm sure many of you want my head on a platter right now because of my lack of updating, I'm here to let you know that I am currently working on the next chapter...when it will be finished...I'm not sure (wow that's a jk rowling response if I'd ever heard one!) My life is just incredibly busy with 15 hours of school, 30 hours of work, and then everything else in between...but it will be done. I get all of your reviews and don't think I forgot about James, Liz and everyone in between! I appreciate all of the reviews, and because of them I'm will make the time to finish the story. Sorry again, but just know its coming J

-Steph

A/N: Well hell, lets see where I can begin. It's been quite a loooooooooong time since I've updated and I guess I should apologize for that. To be honest, I've been insanely busy with a full course load at school, 30 hour work weeks, and taking whatever time is left to enjoy the company of my friends. A lot has changed for me over the last few months and the story has unfortunately not been a priority. However, lately the Harry Potter bug has bitten again! I will promise to finish it though. I guess the reason I'm even writing this now is because I've been getting so many reviews emailed to me. Thanks for the compliments J Sorry again! So on with the show.

The sun crept in and a steady stream of light poured across Harry's face and he suddenly woke up with a start. He was on the couch in the sitting room, but he didn't have the slightest clue as to how he had ended up here. He must have just been extremely tired and not realized he'd come downstairs. He pondered this thought for a moment before something moved out of the corner of his eye. He turned his head and jumped straight off the sofa.

"Ahhhhhh!" Harry said as he knocked his knee on the nearby end table.

"What's the matter?" said one of the twin who came rushing out of the kitchen.

"What's that?" Harry said pointing a reptile that was crawling on his pillow. He continued to rub his knee.

"That's Red," Aiden said. "My gecko."

"Why's he on my pillow?" Harry asked while slightly glaring at Aiden.

"Maybe he needs a nap?" Aiden said shrugging as Ron came rushing into the room with his robe on.

"What on earth?" Ron said.

"Red," Aiden said holding the gecko up to his father. "Felt the need to wake Harry up."

“Put it away,” Ron said giving Aiden a disapproving look. “Sorry Harry...”

“It’s ok,” Harry said. “I needed to be up and ready for this Malfoy thing anyway.”

“Hermione’s been up for hours,” Ron said as he ran a hand through his hair. “Or maybe she just never went to bed.”

“Where is she?” Harry said as he caught glimpse of himself in the mirror. He tried to smooth his untidy hair down. It wasn’t working.

“Right here,” Hermione said as she appeared from the kitchen fully dressed. “I couldn’t sleep. I was way to apprehensive about seeing Malfoy today. Harry do you know what you’re doing?”

“No,” Harry said shaking his head. “Not a clue. Here’s hoping I can figure it out once I get there, huh?”

“Here’s hoping,” Hermione said throwing an uneasy look at Harry and then glancing over to Ron. “Is Liz up yet?”

“Haven’t seen her,” Ron said shaking his head. “Aiden, have you set any other reptile loose in the house that we should know about?”

“Nope,” Aiden said missing his father’s sarcasm. “Can I go wake her up?”

“Leave her be,” Hermione said throwing her son a sharp look. “In fact make sure you take it easy on her today. She’s most likely still very upset.”

“Because she didn’t get Head Girl?” Aiden said. “Or because James got it and she didn’t?”

“Both,” Ron said. “Either way you’re not bringing it up. You’re headed over to the Fliggins today.”

Aiden’s face lit with horror as his mouth dropped. “Whatever I did I’m so sorry.”

"It's not punishment," Ron said rolling his eyes and smiling.

"You say that because you've never had to go there..." Aiden mumbled. "Ms. Fliggins smells funny."

"Aiden," Hermione said not looking up from a piece of paper she was looking at. "That's not nice."

"The truth hurts," Aiden said as James walked into the room.

"You wouldn't know pain," James said picking Aiden up and flinging him over his shoulder playfully.

"Going to the Fliggin's house is pain!" Aiden yelled. James stopped and set him down.

"You're absolutely right," James said looking at Ron. "That's just cruel..."

"You want to watch them today?" Ron asked.

"Uh..." James said glancing around the room. "So Hermione...Harry...what's the plan for today?"

"No idea," Hermione said. "It's hard to tell what Malfoy's going to say because we're not sure what he wants or what he'll ask."

"Wish I could help..." James said.

Hermione just gave a half smile and turned towards Harry. "You should go and get dressed."

"You're right," Harry said as he turned towards the stairs and disappeared up them.

"I don't understand," James said as Harry left the room. "Why don't you take me instead of Harry?"

“Because you don’t need to be anywhere near that monster,” Hermione said distantly.

“You’re father wouldn’t have wanted you anywhere near him,” Ron said. “And frankly neither do I...”

“You know I’ll be seventeen in three days...” James said rolling his eyes. “I’m not exactly a child anymore.”

“You’re absolutely right,” Ron said smiling. “Which is why I can give you the great adult responsibility of going out and taking care of the garden before you go out for the day...”

“Great responsibility?” James asked. “Liz and I have been caring for that garden for ages!”

“All right then,” Ron said thinking. “I’ll think of some other chore for you to do that’s a bit more time consuming and a bit less childish...”

“Garden it is,” James said not letting Ron finish his sentence.

Ron smiled. “I’m off to work.”

“Bye dad,” Aiden said as Harry suddenly appeared and came down the stairs.

“Bye,” Ron said tousling Aiden’s hair. “Bye sweetie,” Ron said turning towards Hermione. “Please be careful around Malfoy.”

“I will,” Hermione said coming over and kissing Ron. “Have a good day.”

“You too,” Ron said grabbing his bag and turning for the door. “Good luck mate.”

“Thanks,” Harry said breathing deeply.

“Harry,” Hermione said. “You need to make sure you play the ignorance card around Malfoy.”

"Ignorance card?" Harry asked taking a seat.

"As if..." Hermione stopped to pick her words. "As if he were to say something that reminds you of...well you. You need to make sure you're unaware of it all."

"I know," Harry said. "What else?"

Hermione and Harry sat there and threw approach tactics around for a good two hours before Hermione felt that they had discussed the situation enough.

"If we plan too much," Hermione said. "It'll come off as planned."

"Well," Harry said. "You really don't think Malfoy is stupid enough to think we haven't planned something out? I mean, all these years of not wanting anything to do with him and suddenly I feel like seeing him? He's got to know something is up."

"I suppose he'll think something," Hermione said. "But I really think..." She stopped when she noticed Liz coming down the stairs. "Hello sweetheart." Harry turned to face Liz.

"Hi," Liz mumbled as she pushed a red curl out of her eyes.

"Did you sleep well?" Hermione asked.

"Not really," Liz said. Harry noticed that her eyes were still puffy from the night before.

"I'm sorry to hear that," Hermione said passively. "Well, the boys are going to the Fliggins today so that you won't have to deal with them. I thought you could use a quiet day of rest."

Liz didn't say anything.

"James is out in the garden," Hermione said trying to get a response out of Liz. "Ron's got him weeding and pruning."

Liz still didn't say anything, but instead just sat quietly.

Hermione breathed deeply. "Well, Harry we'll need to be on our way soon. I'm going to walk the boys down to the Fliggins' house and we'll leave once I get back."

"Sounds good," Harry said as Hermione called out for Aiden and Conner.

"Dun Da Dun Dun...Dun Da Dun Dun Dunnnnnnnnnnnnnnn...." Aiden said as he slowly walked down the stairs. Conner laughed hysterically.

"Both of you two will behave," Hermione said opening the door and disappearing outside.

Harry turned and looked at Liz who was just sort of in a daze.

"I'm ok," Liz said suddenly, taking Harry by surprise.

"I never said you weren't," Harry said.

"I know what you're thinking," Liz said quietly. "Don't worry, I'll get over it."

"Glad to hear it," Harry said smiling as James entered the room dirty and sweaty.

"Morning," James said looking at Liz.

"Morning," Liz said glancing up at him and then back down.

"Are you mad at me?" James asked wiping his brow.

"No," Liz said quickly. "I have no reason to be mad at you."

"Ok," James said thoughtfully. "Well, then why won't you look at me?"

Liz looked at James. "Better?"

"Liz..." James said breathing deeply. "What do you want me to do?"

“Nothing James,” Liz said standing up. “I’m fine. I swear I’m fine. Why do you all think I need to be handled like a baby or something? I didn’t get head girl. Yes, I’m disappointed, but you don’t always get what you want in life, right?”

“Right,” Harry and James said in unison.

“I mean,” Liz continued. “If this is the worst thing that happens to me in my life, then I’ve lived a fantastic life, right?”

“That’s a good way of looking at it,” Harry said.

“Right,” Liz said walking out of the room and into the kitchen.

“Geez...” James said sitting on the couch. “I give up.”

“Hermione would have been the exact same way,” Harry said as Hermione walked back in the door.

“Where’d Liz go?” Hermione asked.

“Well,” James said. “After I told her how much of a disappointment she was for not getting head girl I believe she went to check and see which window would cause the most damage upon jumping out of it...”

“James.....” Hermione said sternly. “That’s not funny...”

“I know it’s not,” James said sprawled out over the sofa. “But do you all hear yourselves? I’m suppose to walk around on egg shells for the simple fact that Liz doesn’t get to sit up front at the end of term ceremony. It really makes no difference whether you’re head of the class or not. I mean Ron is always saying how much he never wanted any of us to have it. If anyone should be upset it should be me that I have to do all this extra work now.”

“Cry me a river,” Liz said walking back into the room with a piece of toast in her hand as she sat down on James’ stomach as he lay on the sofa.

"I will," James said as Liz stayed sitting on top of him.

"Mum," Liz said looking at Hermione. "I'll be fine."

"I know you will be," Hermione said smiling.

"You two better get going," Liz said looking at a nearby clock.

"Yeah," Harry said standing up. "Time to play catch up with Malfoy."

"Good luck," Liz said grinning a little.

"Don't make me look like an idiot," James said smiling as he took the last piece of Liz's toast out of her hand and ate it.

"In front of Malfoy," Hermione said rolling her eyes. "Looking like an idiot is pretty much an impossibility."

Harry smiled as he walked over to the fireplace and grabbed a handful of Floo powder. He looked around the room before throwing the powder down, shouting out the destination and watching the room start to spin and disappear.

A/N: Chapter 16 is already half written and if all goes right should be up by tomorrow. J

CHP17